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Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST

Sex and the Suddenly Single Man

Good news for Dustin and Burt and all the rest of us who are starting over
by Richard Schickel



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The rich low 'tar.'



Enjoy the first low 'tar' good enough to be called rich.

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Most speaker companies try to impress you by describing the "incredible" sound that comes out of their speakers.

At Pioneer, we think the best way to describe how good HPM speakers are is to tell you what went into them.

Instead of a conventional tweeter, you'll find HPM speakers have a unique super-tweeter. In brief, it works on a thin piece of High Polymer Molecular (HPM) film that converts electrical impulses into sound waves without a magnet, voice coil, cone or dome.

As a result, it can reproduce highs with an accuracy and definition that no conventional tweeter could possibly match. We've also created special mid-range driver cones that are light enough to give you sharp response, yet rigid enough not to distort. So you're assured of hearing a lot more

music, and a lot less distortion.

And while most woofers are still made with the same antiquated materials used in 1945, ours are made with a special carbon fiber blend that's allowed us to decrease the weight of the cone, yet increase the strength needed for clarity. This, plus an over-sized magnet and a long-throw voice coil let you hear even the deepest notes exactly the way the musicians



Look it apart: here's what's out of these HPM cone aluminum frames.

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recorded them.

Of course, we could go on and on about the fact that every HPM speaker element has a cast aluminum frame, instead of the flimsy stamped-out metal kind. Or about our special compressed wood cabinets that have better acoustic properties than ordinary wood cabinets.

It's features like this that begin to explain why unlike speakers that sound great on only part of the music, HPM speakers sound great on all of it. And this virtue isn't something you'll find in only our most expensive HPM speaker. It's found in every HPM speaker.

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If you think what went into them sounds impressive, wait till you hear what comes out of them.

PIONEER
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For more information, see reader service card on page 116.



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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

DECEMBER DAZZLED

IF YOU continue printing such fine snippets of art as Thomas Cappel's short story "Dazzle" (December), I will continue purchasing your publications.

If your December issue is any indication of the direction you have chosen for your publications, expect me to subscribe soon.

If you thought I was impressed with all that you included between front and rear covers, you were right.

Richard Keith Brown
Pomona, Texas

BOLD CRIPES, you guys! What a tremor does holiday package. Just another issue of yours pre-packed with goodness. What perceptive social commentary by Tom Wolfe ("Tom Wolfe's Foreword"). What a chilling short story by Thomas Cappel. What a mind challenging Seneca's case. All this and Hugh Hefner's sex life too. What more could anyone ask?

Robert W. Vance
Palo Alto, Calif.

MR. NEW YORK TIMES

IN HIS article "Mr. New York Times" (January), Harrison E. Salisbury writes of A. M. Rosenthal that "he is in the backstop of South Sea, Miami, Canada, has reached such heights."

Phil Espinosa, the National Hockey League's single-season scoring champion currently with the New York Rangers, was born in South Sea. Mike, came in second salary of nearly \$500,000 (twice as much as Mr. Rosenthal), and is recognized in the states in many of the world's cities both major and minor. His picture was sold in Las Vegas. In Moscow, he can draw thousands of people in a park or a shopping center, whenever he comes to stop and shake hands.

He is loved and hated, but mostly loved. He is South Sea. Mike's most famous product.

Robin Herman
The New York Times
New York, N.Y.

HALF-BAKED?

REGARDING RICHARD ROSEN's article on Howard Baker as presidential candidate (Politics: "The Probable Bakers" January): Intrusive and dead right? Senator

Baker may be a good party man and politically astute, taking care not to step in too many toes, but to assume he lacks that mix of passion, conviction, and dedication so much needed in the presidency. S.M.T. It may be a great issue to Congress, but it is a peripheral and unimportant issue with voters. What is most relevant are domestic issues—relative to economic problems, dependence of the dollar, housing and interest rates, continued overspending by government, and high taxes. Maybe some of the candidates for the presidency can convince us of their sincerity to meet these problems head-on. But instead—a great deal more is needed than the simple statement that they would balance the federal budget. I don't believe them.

Walter S. Ruk, M.D.
Jacksonville, Fla.

THAT'S DUBIOUS

BY WHATEVER means, your *Debian* Acknowledgment Article copy (January) got written up, it is beyond work some of the most intricate, un-ly, and witty writing to appear in this decade. Another words, smart, really intelligent.

Break or subter, you all must be fun to know.

Barbara Kover
Sage's R. South
New Orleans, La.

I DON'T consider Mr. America's thinking God for his thinking. See big, such a dubious achievement. There's nothing wrong with miracles, whether one believes in them or not.

Robert Hall
Austin, Texas

POINTS NORTH AND SOUTH

"Oh! The West Point of the South" (January) was good reading, despite one grave omission in reporting. I graduated from another military college, The Citadel, is cited in Charleston, S.C., and rather than referring to oneself as the West Point of the South, Citadel may have chosen considered West Point the Citadel of the North.

The Citadel, established in 1842, has remained to this day an all-white four-year military college of the highest caliber. The Citadel has been invited by the Southern to present at the school standard. Differences between it & The Citadel

and the life presented in the article include the attitude toward slavery and the treatment of one another. Alumni were always treated with deference to individuals who had maintained their status long enough to graduate from a most demanding system. Social norms were an necessary barrier, not a substitute for one level of southern racism.

May I suggest that your writers visit The Citadel to witness once in the making who not only strive for individualism amidst a sea of regimentation but who also know the difference between a size-driven neck and a size 36-34 36 waist.

Captain Lawrence M. Gooding
Memphis Air Force Base
Norfolk, Calif.

I BET the real West Pointers must have gotten quite a chuckle out of seeing the West Pointers of the South out of step in their marching formation on page 43 of your January issue.

Richard Subbin
Mount Clemens, Mich.

MOVIES AND WAR

THAT U. BAKEN probably has a right to feel surprised about the potentialities of Vietnam veterans ("The Vietnam Vet," December) but he does a serious injustice to such meaningful films as *Casualty Photo*, *The Deer Hunter*, and *Apocalypse Now*. Surely the point in each case is to focus on the destructive, crippling effects of war, long war, and he should be pleased that Vietnam is being used in the backdrop for such a valid point. My own children seem to believe "my war" was a case of happy-go-lucky peace, thanks to South Pacific and *Higgins Boat*.

With international tensions so tight today, it cannot hurt to remind people that none of the participants involved ever was a war.

G. S. McCaughey
Edmonton, Canada

SOMEONE says "Rolling into the Eighties," by Sara Davidson, *Esquire's* February cover story, was excerpted from Sandford's one book, *Roll Property*, to be published in May by Doubleday.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with proof of first and phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, *Esquire*, 2 First Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10005. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

No matter how you travel,
you have a way of making it all
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WHEN REFORM BACKFIRES

Campaign financing was one problem we thought was fixed. It wasn't

WHAT IF they passed a law like that?

Made it perfectly impossible to challenge the political dominance of the Democratic and the Republican parties but at the same time significantly weakened those parties?

Significantly weakened the advantage of rich people who would the power and prestige of public office?

Made it more difficult to get members out of office? Increased the number of corporate special interest groups directly involved in campaign finance? Increased the federal interest in special interest groups by as much as one third in some elections, and reduced the money power of individual citizens by 75 percent?

Ensured that political campaigns had longer, boring news candidates to spend two years campaigning for a four-year term in office?

Put bureaucrats in Washington in charge of political campaigns while denigrating citizens everywhere else from working for or speaking out on behalf of candidates they favored?

Well, they have passed that law, three amendments, hundreds of regulations and thousands of rulings and opinions adding up to the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1971, amended in 1975, 1976 and 1978. That's campaign reform.

Money in politics has always been a thorn in the side of American democracy. Elections, candidacies, voters, newspapers, laws, jobs, and contracts have been bought and sold ever the years.

Money might be considered as a booby trap burglary; but it was actually a campaign financing scandal involving the surreptitious use of money secretly and extensively gathered to finance the reelection of one man—now the President of the United States. It was the tip of a very dirty iceberg. No one really knew how much money there was in politics, where it was coming from, or who was buying



whom or what. How much money did the Kennedy family spend in West Virginia in 1960 and for what? Who was W. Clement Stone, and why was he giving millions of dollars to Nixon?

There was no way to know for sure. The best source for campaign-financing information was the Clinton Research Institute, a small, obscure, unaffiliated, New Jersey CRP did God's work, but their reports were issued a year or more after elections were over.

When the Federal Election Commission (FEC) was created in 1975 to oversee spending in presidential and congressional elections, one of its original consultants, Neil Stuebli, a former Michigan congressman, described quite accurately what had existed: "There was a lack of regulation, really ended, with no responsibility for implementation. It provided only such minimum of deterrence as might grow out of a newspaper allegation or the conviction of a disgraced employee."

That was about it. I reported and wrote some of the newspaper stories in those days—for *The New York Times*—but I know that I was only scratching around on the surface, putting together old numbers from CRP and a few new ones I was able to pry out of disgruntled or indignant campaign staff members. So I was hardly an opponent of the disclosure requirements and contribution and spending limits being pushed by a few organizations—CRP, Common Cause, and the League of Women Voters being the most prominent and persistent.

Nine almost ten years later, I think we created a monster. Politics is being taken out of politics. The public has significantly less input in the election of a President. The political system that exists—two weak parties competing for all offices—has been institutionalized. Present candidates—the whole process—are inevitably coming under the control of a new federal bureaucracy that will, if experience is a guide, become more powerful, more inflexible and more resistant to elections come and go.

The rules today are very complex, and I am oversimplifying in attempting to summarize them here.

Americans as individuals may contribute up to \$25,000 a year to political candidates and committees, with a limit of \$1,000 per candidate per election and \$5,000 per committee—unless they are contributing to their own congressional campaign, in which case there are no limits, leading to malpractices, such as John Harris (in a pocket) in the U.S. Senate.

There are no spending limits for candidates for Congress. Presidential candidates must accept spending limits if they accept federal funds, which will amount to several million dollars for each major candidate in the primaries and about \$25 million each for the Republicans and Demo-

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Discover satisfaction. Camel Lights.



The Camel World of satisfaction comes to low tar smoking.

This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.

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JBL's new L150 takes you deeper into the low frequencies of music without taking you deeper into your budget.

This short tuning, floor-standing bookshelf speaker produces bass with depth, power and transparency that comes incredibly close to a low performance.

A completely new 15" driver was created for the L150. It has an innovative magnetic assembly, the result of years of research at JBL. It

uses a stiff, heavy cone that's been treated with an exclusive damping formula for optimum mass and density.

And it has an unusually large 3" voice coil, which aids the L150's efficiency and its ability to respond to transients.

15-inch, chassis and spider specially treated in music. There's no vent in the L150's bottom—a 12" passive radiator. It looks like a driver, but it's not. We use it to replace a large volume of air and contribute to the production of true, deep bass. Bass without boom.

If you're impressed with the L150's looks, you'll be equally impressed with its highs and mids. Its powerful 27" high-frequency

driver radiates profiles and dispersion throughout its range. And a 3" midrange tweeter handles high volume levels without distortion. The maximum power output is 300 watts per channel (model is 300 watts per channel).

The L150's other attributes include typical JBL accuracy—the kind that exceeding professionals rely on. Maximum power handling, frequency response, high efficiency, and extraordinary time/phase accuracy.

Before you believe that you can't afford a floor system, think in an L150. While its bottom is top, its price isn't.

James H. Lansing Sound, Inc., 3000 Pelham Boulevard, Northridge, CA 91329.

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PROS.



THE NEW CAMPAIGN LAWS ARE DRIVING CITIZENS—AND THEIR MONEY—OUT OF THE POLITICAL PROCESS. THEY ARE BEING REPLACED BY A GROWING AMERICAN ELITE OF LAWYERS, ACCOUNTANTS, AND BUREAUCRATS.

These new campaign laws are the general election, where private law firms and lobbyists (John Connally did just become the first candidate to refuse federal matching funds in the primaries, which means he is free to avoid the state by state spending limits established by the campaign law but is still bound by all fundraising regulations.)

What do these rules mean in practical terms? First, the federal government is now subsidizing the Democratic and the Republican parties—they can't just die, as the Whigs did—because the public is now covered by their own candidates because the money goes from taxpayer to the "free" party to the candidate. Second, the rules have created a proliferation of political action committees (PACs), which can give up to \$5,000 per election to a federal candidate and are not limited in the number of candidates they can financially support. Third, the rules have made campaign longer—effectively eliminating live candidates like Robert Kennedy's in 1968—by establishing the usual list of deadlines that have to be met for things that force candidates to declare in the year before the election.

These are just the major effects. "Minor" changes include discouraging volunteers and volunteer committees because some of their efforts—translated into cash value—are deducted from presidential spending limits, and candidates would rather use the money for television spots, merchandise, practically eliminating posters, bumper stickers, and the rest of conventional campaign excitement and participation to save money to pay television stations and networks for commercial spots, eliminate one class of volunteer, rock stars and their managers—to cut fat costs, because other people will pay at concerts, to watch their time, and part of the ticket prices will be covered by federal funds.

Campaign reform has had greatly different results from those reformers anticipated. By December 1984, according to the FEC, there were 608 such committees in the country, an 80 percent increase in the country. The number of corporate PACs is five years now up fifty-one. Today, it is 948. (The number of labor PACs has been relatively constant, rising from 302 to 348, while the number of committees sponsored by various other special interest groups has risen from 318 to 807.) In the 1978 general election campaign for seats in the House of Representatives, those PACs accounted for 25 percent of the \$62.2 million raised by candidates of all parties. In 1984, when \$65.7 million was raised by candidates of all parties, PACs accounted for only 12 percent of the total. The percentage of the total raised that came from candidates' personal resources also increased, from 6 percent to 10 percent, indicating a shift that congressional and their challengers are no richer than they used to be, so that some of them are probably going broke running for office.

If corporations and candidates are now raising more and more of the money in congressional politics, then someone else is contributing less. Who? The answer is dependent on the general public. Contributions from individuals have declined drastically, from 73 percent of the total raised in 1974 to 57 percent of the total in 1978. Senate general election figures are somewhat different, indicating an even sharper trend toward more regulations. In four years, the proportion contributed by individuals has increased from 11 to 13 percent and the proportion contributed by individuals has declined from 78 percent to 70 percent. The big decline is in contributions from candidates' own resources, which have increased from one percent of the total to 11 percent. This rise has \$3 million of the \$60 million spent on Senate races in the candidates' own money—people are buying their way into public office. That's reform!

In case anyone thinks corporate contributions to congressional campaigns are just an increase in good citizenship, consider the numbers: In 1978, the key Senate and House votes in 1978 that allowed the lifting of government controls on heating oil prices. There are 485 senators still in office who voted on that issue. The average contribution total from all corporate PACs and persons in the industry—the thirty-one of those who voted to lift controls—was \$20,480. The average contribution total to the twenty-five who voted the other way was \$3,374. In the House, those who supported lifting heating controls received an average of \$3,150 each from oil industry sources. Those who voted the other way were given an average of \$1,238 each.

The same kind of campaign can be done on the House vote on the Hospital Excise Tax Cost Containment Bill. Two hundred and two representatives who voted to kill the bill received an average of more than \$5,000 each from the political action committees of the American Medical Association—about four times the average contributed to each of those who voted for the bill.

In another instance, this one involving the National Education Association, Representative David Clay of Wisconsin said that House members were intimidated into

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BY HARRY STEIN

N NOT TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK

To forgive and forget may be a sign of moral infirmity

IN PARIS a few months ago, I passed an afternoon with my friend Neil Oline, who used to write sports for the *New York Post*. "You know what people kept asking me last summer?" said Neil at one point. "They kept asking if I was broken up over Thurman Munson's death. See, Munson was the Yankee when I was covering the team."

"Well," I answered, "were you?"

He shook his head. "Of course not. He was a son of a bitch when he was alive, he was still a son of a bitch when he was dead."

Neil went on to describe his first encounter with Munson, in the spring of 1979, when as a rockin' sportswriter he approached the burly Yankee catcher on the team bus. "Kent State had just happened, and I knew that Munson had gone to the school. So I asked him to react to the killings. You know what he said? He said, 'They should have shot all the mother-----' " Neil paused. "I saw a lot of Munson after that, but he was usually silent as he drove around. But as for me, I was concerned I didn't need to know any more about the man than I knew that first day."

The conversation moved on from there to Robert Kennedy and the national day of mourning and funeral of men that had accompanied his final days. Banqueting had not, of course, been a Thurman Munson, he was a fundamentally devout man, well-estimated and consistently likable, who had, alas, fallen victim to a galling malady. "But you know something," said Neil. "I could never forgive him with it. I thought the way everyone felt in love with him at the end was ludicrous."

"So he'd lied," I agreed. "Suddenly that guy who had been so self-serving for so long was being hailed as a great man of spirit."

"There have been too great tests of public men during our lifetime—the McCarthy era, and Vietnam—and Munson played a lead both of them," said Neil. "He said that, that I saw he should be a great just, by those acts of compassion. And I, for one, could never forgive him."



He recognized this as well as anyone. "But can't he be the kind of *Spurs* Fox loses in politics," he said a month before his death, "and have evidence to be President?"

Of course not. For Munson's rage was profoundly smothering, and Americans do not like to be smothered. Especially today, in the wake of Vietnam and Watergate, we have retreated from even the hint of authority, apathy, interest, by quiet consensus, for the public persona, as there are no heroes about in the land, so do we find few villains.

The danger is all of this is manifest. If people are incapable of cherishing the nation that their sins some lines that cannot be crossed, some acts that cannot be forgiven, they will not retain a

sense of purpose.

But, all things, an official complicity is merely a reflection of the case with which we acquiesce more and less. How often can we be with Robert Kennedy's weakness when we readily express our dissent against his frequent errors who, in the name of self-growth, cowardly and long-term nation? when we overlook bad behavior among other colleagues? when for that matter we accept most politicians as those chosen to go? Behaving that is another case would have given rise to outrage and smothering resentment is now too often shrugged off as being part of the way things are.

It is then terribly refreshing to read across individuals who, like Neil, can be provoked to embracing indignation. Another such on the record is Jimmy Breslin, the writer and beer-soaked personality who publishes a column at the end of each year naming the people who have earned his wrath during the previous twelve months. This list includes everyone from public officials to ordinary citizens to individuals who have apparently once been friends of his. One year, I'll never forget, he had it in for someone he referred to simply and with terrible contempt as "McDonnell's Wife" in other words, Wally Fowler, the writer—who had apparently wronged Breslin at some social function.

There is a fine line between justifiable anger and pettiness—I do not presume to estimate on which side of it Breslin more frequently falls—but the principle remains exemplary. One must take a stand, uncorrected and unrepentant, against what one perceives as indecent behavior.

In my own case, on reflection, my expectations of others are clear enough to be reduced to naughtiness.

From strangers I anticipate nothing more than courtesy (and if I don't get it, my irritation generally passes quickly). From colleagues I insist upon respect and equal treatment. And from friends I demand no less than approval but patience, understanding, and loyalty—of which I offer in return. And if I am crossed, I do not forget easily.

Well, at not forgetting I am a pilot. Many of the victims of the blacklist, people who were for years—in some cases permanently—denied access to their livelihood, have come mentioned as such in their stand against former colleagues who changed names before the congressional commissions of that terrible era. They still walk across the street when they see one of the old enemies approaching. Those who cooperated with the commissions, weighed down by thirty years of guilt, are often asked to lead up the wounds but find themselves confronted by people who could not consistently compromise on principle over all they wanted to do. That is usually what got them into trouble in the first place.

Enduring resentment can change to debilitating bitterness, as it sometimes has in the case of blacklist victims. But that kind of thing occurs rarely. More often, the anger slowly dissipates, though we remain bitter, we no longer display.

A FEW years ago, John Henry Pyle, the famous, early Texas whose long fight against the blacklists was the subject of his book *Fire on Trial*, described his reaction, as the aftermath of his lawsuit against victory upon winning from the writer Ben Barlow. "He'd said I was a liar and every time he'd see me it was a statement or somewhere, he'd bring my hand back and blink his eyes frequently. I always felt a little less when around him. I'd feel like putting my arm around him and say, 'Jesus Christ, don't feel so bad.' And he was the one who was vindicated."

HARRY STEIN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



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MARVIN HAMLISCH

Moment to moment with an anthology music man

WHEN I first hit big with the Oscars and then *A Christmas Carol* a year later, I started to be haunted by a thought. I became absolutely convinced that I was going to be perceived as a flake, as a guy who had aspired on the planet, but a fabulous two years and disappeared. Who am I, after all, to have had that kind of success? What do I do that is so special? I sit in a bathing suit and compose. Big deal.

Well, the fact is that five years later I'm still being interviewed, and I'm still asked to go on television, and logically that should ease the insecurity, right? But it hasn't, and at all. I still feel terrible, professional. I still get into severe, confining depressions. When I get into one of these things, it can last for weeks, even months. I don't want to talk to anyone. I don't need to see my wife.

Just about anything can set me off. If I come down with a cold, that can do it. But more often, of course, a movie's work.

I had a song come out awhile back—Through the Eyes of Love, from the picture for Caddyshack—that I was sure would be a smash. Well, when it bombed I just went into a malpén. "My God!" I thought. "I'm not making it with the kids!" And suddenly I was in the middle of my "Oh, my God, I had syndrome." Nobody else is a worldly kind of guy, only I had learned to play the guitar, if only I had long hair, if only I could have been Barry Manilow. If only it could have happened that 50,000 people would stand and cheer for me.

This is a real thing with me, the desire to be a rock star. I mean Barry Manilow puts out a song, and three million people buy it. Me, I work on a Broadway musical, and it takes a man of courage, and even if it's a hit, it'll take two years before the play is Indianapolis sales it. The Bee Gees don't have to worry about that.

The worst thing is, when I start thinking this way, I can't do very good work. The



quality of my work depends entirely on the state of my confidence.

I have recognized this. That's why I do TV, that's why I do concerts. I need that exposure as a personality. Let's face it, the "love" part is my up there in Hamlet.

Also, of course, working on musicals and album work keeps me interested. I'd get bored if I had to do that sort of work in a row—so I'll do a Broadway show, then a film score, then a concert, then maybe a rock song.

See, I feel good only when I'm working. When I go two or three weeks without a project, I start thinking, "Oh, my God, it's over!" I feel depressed. "Why didn't they call me for that picture?" I wonder. "I must be losing it."

Even when I'm working well, I'm competitive, but it's a healthier kind of competition. I'm not one of those people who can get an idea and start working. I have to know that my music is needed—needed—that someone is waiting for it.

And I can't write alone. Collaboration is vital to me, because I get my ideas from friends. I usually come up with a song only after I've been given a title. For example, Bruce Roberts, with whom I sometimes work, came up with a title for a song about broken dreams—"Nagana." That single word suggested so much—the hopes people have when they get married, how those hopes fade—that I was suddenly found the musical phrasing for it.

Of course, I compose in several different fields—Broadway, film, pop—and the process varies considerably from one to another. When I'm doing background music for a film, I am there to enhance the mood.

With a rock song, there's a whole new set of criteria. Memorability is vital, and you need a hook if you're going to get popular, just as the same hook there are very strong conventions, so you can't write anything too bizarre. And it's all going to happen in three minutes.

Actually, I've come to think of my best as a cassette machine. Each cassette has on it a different set of rules, and I just slip the cassette in and out.

For writing a Broadway show—and that's really my first love—the rules of the game are simple. First, the songs must be germane to the plot. Second, they must help with characterization. Third, they must help establish the overall tone and attitude. Good show music is dictated entirely by the feel and pacing of the show. I am proud of both *A Chorus Line* and *They're Playing Our Song*, but they're completely different musically.

Because I work in so many fields, I have apartments in both New York and Los Angeles, but basically I remain a New Yorker. I always feel a little strange in California. I'm kind of a farm boy, when I mean a big and three-acre farm, and I just don't fit in a beach game in California. I'm constantly looking in the mirror and saying, "Oh, my God." And of course, there's also



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THERE'S ALWAYS THIS FEELING IN LOS ANGELES THAT IF YOU'RE NOT A ROCK STAR, WHY BOTHER TO EXIST?

that feeling in Los Angeles that if you're not a rock star, why bother to exist?

But I don't want to knock Hollywood. Without California, I'd be even more depressed than I am.

Well, I'm only really at home in my New York place, which I've had two years and which I love. I'd never really had my own place before; a place where I'd picked my own furniture and gathered all the things I really love. I have some telephone stuff there, hanging above the desk in my office in Gracie's dock. The answer line that used to tell them the calling on *Play Boy* *Dear Life*. He gave it to me himself.

So I spend a lot of time at home, just pottering around. In fact, when I'm not at a party, I generally don't plan my day at all. I just sort of come together on its own. I'll wake up, shaved on or two thirty and then maybe spend a few hours calling back everyone who's left a message on my machine, and then kind of drift into the rest of the day, having meetings or going out to eat with a friend (or whatever).

Of course, all of this changes once I commit myself to a major project. Then it becomes obsessive—that all the phones and create an atmosphere where I think of nothing else.

In some ways, I know this existence is pretty solitary, but I'll tell you the truth: I like a certain aloneness, so that when I go into my record stores or use one will be there by then.

I've spent a lot of time analyzing my problems, both on eighteen day vacations to Venice to think about the decision I really want my life to take. Well, I reached some conclusions.

There decided, first of all, that I want to take the time to do so-called serious and so—prices for porno and video, for example. I want to do world like George Graceland did, instead of always having to rely on a major.

But much more important, I decided that I finally have to face a very simple realization: I am not Barry Manilow. I've set out down and wrote out a little note to myself: "That's not your job. It should be the job you have."

And I'm trying hard to remember it. When I have confidence and pride in what I do, I keep telling myself, then I am Barry Manilow and the Bee Gees and The Beatles. Maybe when at long last I come to believe that, I'll know that my success is not a fluke. **B**

VITAL SIGNS

BY JOHN JEROME

THE BODY ATHLETIC

Our national exercise binge has created a whole new discipline—sports physiology

THEY'RE AN international Communist conspiracy to make me feel lost now our bodies work. It's in plain sight, to say of an astonishing period, but I'll trace it out for the nonbeliever.

The East Germans are behind it, and they're using sports to pull off the dirty deal. I must admit, close as to what their religious purposes are, but first they had to get our attention. They did so beginning in the early Seventies, with a string of huge successes in international athletic competition, knocking off great champions of the rest of the sports world. That's when they began reaping the fruits of an astonishingly applied program of sports research. At the 1976 Olympics, East Germany, with a population of only seventeen million, won forty-seven medals, more than the United States, with a population twice as large, picked up only thirty-seven. (The Soviet Union won fifty-seven.) Russian and specialists about the East German's mastery of "sports science" have speculated for years.

"sports science" have speculated for years.

The sports medals were doubly embarrassing to doctors that the East German breakthroughs coincided with—maybe coincided—a sports boom in this country without anything of the sort before. It was just that the whole American—case in Germany of it—were not necessarily and not for pleasure. All other sports athletes keep going on climbing—perhaps sports, spectators, teams, profits, costs. TV-broadcast hours even the quality of performance is reflected in world records. In the words of one of the most colorful that reflect my ambition, half a dozen are now devoted exclusively to high-level sports equipment (and designer-label sports gear). God help us all! (Bayle sales was not worse, but at least we record your own individual record. Besides that, we did automobile—and not all of these are kids' leisure-time takes, but high-performance, low-speed, high-baiting, over-asking



sporting machines. Graduate that pack's drink concocted specifically to replace fluids and minerals lost in heavy exercise; new sweat television advertising in order to seek mass markets.

The masses are catching. This binge of activity, which will probably slow its hell out of the life insurance rates (and which, incidentally, is leading to a new set of officers with extremely low ability but impressively applied power), has spawned another phenomenon: curiosity. It is irresistible. We go out and do all of these aerobics, living things, and then we discover, to our surprise, that we've modified ourselves in the process. We discover our own mortality. After we get over the power trip (hey God, I can change myself! I can actually change!), we start wanting to know: How, why, do these changes take place? What's in it for me? Where are the limits? Can I go over the edge? Is there an edge to be found?

It isn't the movement that's new, only the

numbers. We've always had physical culture in one stripe or another sporting costume, usually about discipline and cleanliness. We moving in rather another direction in the Sixties, with Esalen, Belling, bioenergetics, all that teacher-like drill. The sexual revolution and drugs also played disconcerting parts. They helped make the human body a growth industry.

But these days it is sports, in particular, that keeps us focused on our physicalities. Clearly the best part of sports occurs when the individual athlete takes his or her physical self to the edge of human possibility and performs there with distinction. If performance at the limits can teach us things that will guide us in our own daily life function, we, in each case, better.

Sports have always given us a kind of guidance, but the kind I grew up with was pretty simplistic. I got plenty of sleep, eat right, work harder than the next guy, don't play with yourself!

He. Man! Now with the East German effect it's more complicated. The East Germans hardly convinced at—by encouraging a general dissemination of information—that there is a great deal in sports to which accurate statistical analysis could possibly be applied. With the East German successes have come the consequences: a more popular interpretation of sports medicine as a valid field of practical information. I think it has brought about a massive rise in the athlete—the physiologist—savvy of the general public. We now speak liberally of heart rates and aerobic thresholds and carbohydrate loading as a kind of common occupational currency. We've changed from a nation of amateur psychologists into one of amateur physiologists, treating one another's aches and pains as casually as we used to pretend medical party physicians.

The discipline of this kind of occasional quickness are not necessarily life-threatening, though some physicians would dis-

YOU ASK THE BRAIN FOR AN EFFECT, AND IT SELECTS THE RIGHT HORMONE TO ACHIEVE THE EFFECT. AMAZING! THAT MAY BE WHY ATHLETES HEAL FASTER THAN THE REST OF US AND WHY ALL THE RUNNERS ARE ACTING STONED...

speed, but there is potential for at least one level: a two-fold understanding of the complexities of the physiological processes. This culture will attempt to reduce the tension.

There really is a great deal of perfectly interesting research going on out there, in the United States as well as beyond the pack curtain. We'll try to keep abreast of it.

It's cheerfully common in the sport to be certain less toward sports, but that's not necessarily the subject matter. What we'll be after here is how to maintain and increase the best use of the self. Or, at least, because the economy is on a downturn, that's no reason for you to be

SO HERE'S the first part of news, folks. The brain isn't a computer after all, it's a gland.

The recent discovery that the brain produces its own opiate is part of a complete revision of our understanding of brain function, not to mention our understanding of the rest of the body's chemistry. As Lewis Theriault puts it in *The Medicine and the Mind*, the brain is not the organ we thought it was twenty-five years ago.

For years being an athlete had ultimately amplified uses of electronic circuitry governed by wiring diagrams, it now has the aspect of a biochemically endocrine tissue, in which the chemical reactions, the electrical traffic of nerve impulses are determined by biochemical structures and their receptors.

Some of this new understanding is already filtering down to general use—pain medicine in sports.

One small example is a drugless technique for easing pain that is being used with increasing frequency in the treatment of injured athletes. The technique is called transcutaneous electrical nerve stimulation, or TENS. A small electrical device is connected to the injured area by electrodes placed on the skin near the affected or injured area. It works—at least to the extent that athletes understand how it works—like acupuncture. Stimulation of the appropriate spots on the skin causes the body to generate and release its own natural supply of endorphins and other opiate-like chemicals that have the capacity to block out pain. So although the technique is drugless in the sense that no foreign substances are introduced into the body, it nevertheless uses natural drugs.

Because TENS treatment doesn't completely numb pain, it reduces the risks for the athlete playing with an injury that has not yet fully healed. One professional triathlete who regularly uses TENS treat-

ment claims that it can speed healing, because if the pain is diminished the effects can spread to all affected parts. Flooding one area with pain can lead to injuries elsewhere, as in the famous case of Doug Beards, whose sore toe caused him to change his jumping stance, which in turn permanently ruined his throwing arm.

TENS is also considered effective in preventing atrophy of immobilized muscle tissue. Even if the limb is in a cast, TENS causes the motor nerves to fire and causes the muscle fibers to fire, giving the muscle a means to help retain tone and strength. There's even a theory that increasing the frequency of the electrical signal works out the fasciculi, speeding the rate of muscle fiber while increasing the amplitude of the signal works out the slow-twitch, endurance-type of muscle fiber.

TENS treatment works to reduce pain the same way the placebo effect does. Placebo—sugar pills and the like, given to unsuspecting patients as place of "real" medicine—works not because of the suggestion but because of biochemistry. The brain produces its own opiates when it is stimulated to do so, whatever the source of the stimulation. When you ingest a substance that you think is going to bring relief, that belief alone can be sufficient to cause the brain to release the proper chemicals. Those proper chemicals go to the proper places in the organism, where they ease pain, stimulate growth, increase strength, or do whatever it was you expected the ingested substance to do for you. You ask the brain for an effect, it selects the right hormone to achieve that effect. Amazing.

Neither the placebo effect nor TENS is suitable nor universally applicable, of course, but when they work they work rather better than pain-killing drugs do. TENS has successfully been used to treat rheumatism, amenorrhea, which would seem to eliminate the purely psychological element. I don't know of any way of convincing a mobster that a black hat and a couple of winks are going to relieve its pain.

Sports medicine and muscle recovery are common uses of the brain behind athletes who have come back after injury, in half the time the doctors predicted. Athletes use, statistically, discredited medical science with their speed of rehabilitation, their near-normal capacity for fresh strength. Part of this is a result of sheer determination and hard work.

The U.S. Ski Team's Abbie Fisher had operations on both knees last spring. Her rehabilitation and to make herself for the

Winter Olympics, she began running just one mile intervals at a time. She ran them about a minute and thirty seconds per mile, which wasn't too bad considering that she was still in casts and on crutches when she did it. She was cautioned about losing cardiovascular conditioning while she waited for her lower limbs. The physician allowed her to run at 44 a heart rate of about 220 beats per minute, which did provide considerable conditioning effect.

But now there is speculation that some athletes may have more control over the healing process than racing situations and the occasion. They may be capable of controlling pain to a certain extent by producing endorphin on demand, by generating, consciously or unconsciously, neural signals in response to the injury.

Push that speculation a step further, and the idea is inescapable that these athletes might also be generating growth-and-repair hormones on call. This does not seem to be a conscious process, but it may be a part of the discovered benefit of training. We are coming to realize more and more clearly that there is a direct link between physical stress and mental and emotional states. Of course, now that I think of it, that's what long-distance runners have been happily bawling about for years ago—their natural highs. There's a theory that ideally, repetitive exercise over an extended period of time may produce brain chemicals that induce euphoria. Endorphins and visionary states reportedly are activated by self-denial and by someone other chasing, rhythmic, mental activities. These states may result—at least in part—from the internal production of natural opiates.

While getting into and out of one training effect that the phys of endorphins don't have much to say about, it may help explain the depth of commitment that some athletes have for their sports, as well as their remarkable ability to overcome these conditions. The next obvious step will be for the rest of us to gain conscious control over our lower chemical production.

We might make use, for instance, of the techniques of biofeedback, which have already proved effective, scientifically, against migraine headaches, hypertension, panic attacks and other mysterious ailments that seem to have a psychological component. I expect my day now to be of a training program or device or method working to teach me—for a couple of hundred bucks—how to generate my own natural brain opiates.

JAN VERNER is the author of *Think and Grow Rich*, a book about ability performance called *The Secret Sport* in Time.

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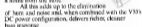
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BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

THE GUIDING LIFE

For shy guides in the Florida Keys, the only way to make a living is the hard way

WHEN I FIRST met Carl he was learning to be a staff guide in the Florida Keys where I had come on my honeymoon. It was one of those chance meetings that leave you feeling that there are only 300 or 500 people in the world and you are never more than one or two steps away from somebody you know. Carl had gone to school with a young woman who had once worked for me. My wife and I wanted to know all about the local fishing, and Carl was only too happy to tell us. When he asked if we had anything on for the morning, I said no.

"Well," he said, "would you like to go out with me? Not as a charter. I haven't actually started guiding yet, just for fun. I might even hook you and put you on some fish."

"Sure," I said. He went exactly my idea of a Kern staff guide. Three men are supposed to have permanent waders, umbrellas, deep-sea arrays, squirt guns aimed at their eyes, skin creams on their necks, and whiskey bottles in their pockets. They are supposed to be rude and pretentious, territorial as old dogs, and snooty (liberate us any subject other than fishing). Carl was just a year or two out of a prestigious western college. He was good-looking, even handsome, well-tanned, and a little shy. Fishing with two would be more like fishing with a friend than with a guide. Which was fine with me.

This would be the first time on the flats for me and my wife. I knew only enough to know that it would be difficult. Better to make mistakes in front of a friend than in front of one of those expert guides who have made a legend of their acquaintance with snootiness and sloppy work. We had come to the Keys on the advice of someone who had spent a lot of time there, a tarpaulin that had caught some very colorful and very first prize in the annual International Fishing Tournament. This friend had warned me



that cannot show much above the waterline either, otherwise the wind will blow you all over the Gulf. It needs to be heavy enough to be stable but light enough to pole across the flats. These should be nothing, an ornamental on board, all docks should be clean and flush. You don't want anything that will tempt a fly fisherman's line when he is into a tide. If Detroit ever learns to build cars that do what they are supposed to do as well as these adults do what they are supposed to do, then we can all stop buying automobiles from our old Mom & Pop stores.

Carl showed the launch and the beer slipped the lines, and fired up the big Johnson. We ran for twenty or thirty minutes through unmarked fish channels that followed the contours of flats laid lighter or darker green, depending on whether the bottom was sand or grass. We saw small sharks, rays, barracudas, jacks, and schools

of mullet. There were man-o-war birds and spoonbills as the lush mangrove islands, lit from the flats like little screens, lit up a beautiful tropical morning, almost overclouded with life.

Carl picked a good hook, and fifteen minutes after we started fishing we saw a feeding bonefish. It was as green as the sea with a tail of silver that made it stand out in the water like a ghost.

As it slowly rose into the turtle grass we lost our small transducers, as the car the surface.

"Turtle," Carl whispered. "Three clicks." I stripped line for a cast as my wife checked the 5-lap on her camera; Carl paled as conscientiously as he could to close us on the fish. We led one another's excitement until it was near panic. I had to make my backcast across the boat—and across my wife and Carl. The line tumbled around the back pole and

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Esquire



"Ain't Nothin' You Can Do But Join the Klan"

Nothin', that is, if you're a
certain kind of man
in a certain kind of small town
in an uncertain world

BY GUY MARTIN

IF YOU COULD TAKE THE north Alabama mayor of your choice off his usual-line bar, get him, and casually bring up the Klan, he would wince and say no or his town hadn't had that kind of trouble before now and generally he would act as if you had just dropped a six-foot-long copperhead over his oldest son's table. The mayor wouldn't be going outside, but he sure wouldn't be telling you what he knows down in his barn; usually that the snake has been living in his garage a lot longer than he likes to remember.

The Tennessee Valley is Klan Mecca, the Fertile Crescent. It is named for the mythical river that curves down into Alabama below Chattanooga and curls northwest at the Alabama-Mississippi line. The territory is famous for its excellent pork barbecue for the TVA, and for its thousands of pickers, which took America to the moon. But it was also here, in Palestine, Tennessee, just across the Alabama line, on Christmas Eve 1945, that six



The Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., with his wife Coretta Scott King, and a handful of "good help" as he says, "to know that God has a plan for America." Young Confederate veterans formed a fraternity they called the Ku Klux Klan. Palestine was my grandfather's home. In 1944, my grandfather left for the university in Knoxville and my great-grandfather moved the rest of his family twenty-five miles south to Athens, Alabama, where my

father, my brother, and I were born. I spent most of my adolescence in Athens, Huntsville, Decatur and Lullwater, the center of town that is legendary. When Bill Williams current race of power.

I left Alabama for the North ten years ago. I returned last summer just to Ward Williams had finally established his first dozen Klan cells, in every part of the state. The word seemed the kind of leader who backed up his politics with large-caliber automatic and semiautomatic weapons. Two weeks before I got home, eight of his Klansmen crossed paths with a Southern Christian Leadership Conference march in downtown Decatur. The demonstration was held for Tommy Lee, a twenty-one-year-old black man sentenced to thirty years for raping a white Decatur woman. Since his arrest a year earlier, the SCLC had steadily criticized Tommy Lee's prosecution, which is understandable because Tommy Lee, according to the state, "was an IQ of about thirty-nine." The Klan had been demonstrating just as strongly against the SCLC, but the meeting last May was the most explosive. A black,

Guy Martin is a New York-based journalist. He is making his first appearance in a national magazine with this article. The author is a native of Athens, Alabama.

BILLY SMART, A SOMETIME RESIDENT of Fort Ransom, knows a thing or two about being a victim. Five years ago, someone took a night rider. He brought the armor for a dollar. The image is as controversial as it was a hundred years ago. A friend, masked Klansman, holds a torch to his nose, a burning black candle. The house is rained and mangled as well. This edition is re-created with considerable flair: the only thing, Billy notes, is that the blood drip in the cross on the night rider's chest has been inverted. It looks like a fake spot.

Billy Smart is quarter Cherokee, one-quarter Cherokee. stands a little over five feet eight inches in his black apparel in the house and he weighs no more than 120. He has been called skinny, but a person wearing Billy Smart's light gear would be fairly worn. The top is in his waist, crooked and confident and a little enormous, which interrupts a handsome three-inch scar running up his left cheek. His hands are browned with old blood like old whiskey, but two legs for his size. Their stunted shape is a fist. There is a deep where the leg on his neck where a man last seen one regular with a handle and Billy told his shirt. As he tends to at home, one can see, unexpected white rashes and rugged battle-horn dangles on his chest and shoulders and back.

Underneath the old wounds, Billy Smart is all wire and spite, daring and spry as to keep from blowing apart. His spiky, brown hair is cut in a short, flat-top style, reminiscent with curls. His nose is a country been coming from the top of his throat. It sounds like the Mississippi down he runs in at Hookers Place.

He should sing with it, but he won't. Instead, he plays what he calls progressive country on Graceland Spanish-style stereo console and goes along on an old Decker bass on string. He is an excellent player with a head positioned edge to the left. Like this Friday night, he was riding his first Graceland under the company light with his shotgun leaning against the house and a porno-film source. Dory Quinn cap full of George Dickel and Cork between his feet. He picks up "Give My Love to Billy."

"What I can't tell these finger pads on a piano," he says. "My wife was named Rosa, Rosa Lee. Do you know Jerry Lee Lewis? I auditioned as a bass player for Jerry Lee Lewis in Memphis, but my wife hated my music, so I relearned, and now the second case my apartment now I might have had a chance to go with Jerry Lee on tour, over to Germany and Europe, but my wife blew it, and I screwed up and sold everything for seventy bucks. Think I know Mike McRae and Kenneth Lovelace and some other people. You ever heard of Mickey Rourke?"

I shake my head.

"Shit, boy, you call yourself a southerner? Mickey Rourke played the drums for

Jerry Lee, and Kenneth Lovelace plays 'n guitar. Naturally, was Jerry Lee's brother-in-law, but I still like him, but won't admit. But now Mickey, he's got his drums up tight and his shirt together. You want to know what Jerry Lee is all about?"

He steps inside, enters a second drink and starts in an eight-track tape of "Blue Number One Love Me."

"It ain't the song so much," says Billy. "It's what happens at the end that hits me right inside the head."

Jerry Lee Lewis brings through it to the final chord of the blues, but the drummer shoots off a quick semibreve still after that, and Jerry Lee Lewis starts to chuckle in a voice full of sneer and liquor and authority: "Heh heh heh heh heh heh — Preh Ahh."

**"I am
all Klan,
bubba.
The Klan
comes
first, then
music. Boxing
is third.
You know
the Commies
made me
join."**

Now that Jerry Lee, right and there, Billy pushes the tape back, his hand the rim of a third beer, and a cross-legged on the red vinyl carpet.

Billy started boxing at fourteen, was a regional Golden Gloves tournament at sixteen. He taught left-handedness in clubs and at the Amex, but in thirty four, Billy quit with a crack.

He says: "They found a diamond in my heart and made me quit last year. I cried like a baby when the doctor told me that."

Billy wants to try a few more cuts on one night now and, much, go to bed.

"Come on, man," he says. "I promise I won't hurt you."

I want to believe what he says.

"Now keep these gloves tucked in real good there to protect your body and keep

at guard up and at head down inside their fists. But get real comfortable. You want your guard comfortable so you can show 'em it."

I say, I have a good one on me and Jerry points on Billy, but he says, shake 'em dancing into his boxer's shorts so clearly that I know in my heart he would have no success in boxing the left out of me. He practices slow motion blocking and getting inside a mouth guard. Billy gives me plenty of time to block and return punches. I hover up. He gets going faster and sharper faster. We've both had a lot to drink, but Billy moves with great harmony, pulling his punches at the last possible moment. He throws a right to my head that he lets me block, I counter with a right to his gut. I reach him lightly with my hands, and back he slides as I feel that my hardness of his body. I might as well have been punching the wall. He smiles.

"The first thing I do to a man is smile at him. When you're gonna fight, don't go up to him all tense and tight. Don't clench your fists, just keep 'em right down by your sides. real cool. Don't wear neither sweat."

Billy smiles as about a minute and fifteen one of his shoulders as if a mosquito just ripped it.

The next thing you do is take your strong arm and throw him a good 'un to the side of his nose, just at the top of his cheek. And don't be shy or slow. That'll knock his nose right off the lat, and you're lucky if you hit one. Then he goes right into his head off down to the side, and then you step in and meet his face with a left back. That'll make him start back up straight, which is when you take him a good right to the gut. When he bends down towards you on that case, you count him down with a left uppercut, real solid-like, and he comes to be pretty friendly after that."

He runs through it twice as he is slow motion, no wasted words, a perfect talent boxer. He lets me try it on him until he is sure I know the physics down, and then he pushes and we practice crapping out with that initial right cross. We stand me in front of him, he puts some boxing effort into it, so he's that he is fairly vicious.

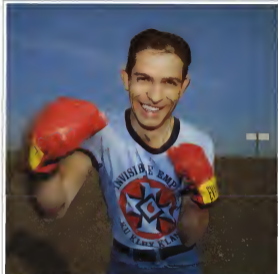
He says, "I know the commitments all the house. Billy asks me: "Well, where you want to go?"

The proper answer is simply the universal one, but I try hard not to say this. It is I like A.M. and I could if every God knows what Billy has in mind. But Billy and I have passed a certain point, a line somewhere, to release him now would be to call off much more than just this fight. I suggest that we just stay around corner.

Billy says: "It sounds good. Why don't you make my decision an out to the car, and I'll go inside and get us some hot to drink."

I say: "Ahh, Billy."

"I don't go now here that you go. It's my matter-of-fact. He hands it to me and turns inside.



Billy Smart, in apron gloves and an Invisible Empire T-shirt, demonstrates his boxing stance. At sixteen, Billy won a regional Golden Gloves tournament, and he built his fighting in his Amex. One day, Billy says: "I put it right. Sometimes I just don't it."

I grab holding the ring post and think about the game, played every Friday and Saturday night by two teams, the police and the boys. All forms of alcohol are illegal across north Oklahoma except in Muskogee County, whose name is Haverhill. Then, the boys go to Haverhill to get alcohol, beating it back to their home towns, and drive around while they drink it. This police monopoly cut. A single change of driving who's subordinate can get you in the money for the year or for the next thousand dollars, depending on the police.

Billy and I are drunk enough for my part, and we have the added heat of the 12. Billy says: "I put the butt of the gun down on the

cornerman bumped the car, wedging the hammer between the front seats. Billy shows up with another soft, close-side baritone and three beers in his back seat. He likes the butt of the car, the movement. Every few minutes he cracks his left hand on the gun. I edge the car out on Sixth Avenue, heading north.

"I'm off, Klan, bubba," Billy says. "The Klan owns first, then music. Being it third. You know the Commies made me join."

"Which Commies?"

"Whites, Whites, Vietnam cut me started. See, you go right the Commies push in Nam, and you come back and they are all over here, too. Ain't nothing you can

do but join the Klan. You ever been to Vietnam?"

I say no. There is a hot waving stiffness in the car.

"Well, I drove over with in Vietnam, bubba," he says at last. "I spent four days-four through sixteen with the 10th Airborne. I got a Bronze Star, four Campaign Stars, Presidential Unit Citation, got a dozen medals pinned on me by the G.I.'s — all in all. Look, you want to drive out by my apartment?"

"How you wanted?"

"I can't get a service from Vietnam that you can see. Eighteen months a continuous mission. I guess the point of that, Steve, screwed me up though. So, we was over

Onstage, a three-piece country group takes up and plays. The band (which begins slowly by belting the melodies of "Dixie" and "Foggy Mountain Breakdown") moved each other. Below the stage, the seats from the bus have been arranged in a semicircle. Between the seats and the stage stands a five-foot hollow steel cross burning natural gas from dozens of holes drilled down its length and along its span. The flames burn bright blue and yellow, wrapping themselves around the cross in the light wind.

Just after seven, Wizard Wilkinson appears, accompanied by a half dozen Klansmen with 45-caliber submachine guns and M-16s. The wizard is a bearded white rooster in a flaky blue three-piece suit. He has thick black hair, cold blue eyes, and the pouy face of a child bully. He struts around the field smoking the authoritative long thin cigar. He moves steps from raising his white, elevated bodyguards, troops approaching him from the rear. Mothers come to hug with children to kiss; adolescents ask him for autographs, older men introduce their brothers and sons.

Wilkinson has studied hard for this. Of the five references to Klan history, he presides over the second-largest, with a membership judged on the far side of 2,000. Only Robert Minton's United Klans, based in Tallahassee, Alabama, is said to have more members; and in the last year, Wilkinson has firmly outstripped his own son, Grand Wizard David Duke of Metairie, Louisiana.

Wilkinson had been a regional officer in Duke's Knights of the KKK when he and a few disciples broke away in 1972. There was a typically nasty Klan fracture. Wilkinson felt that Duke—with his self semi-scientific approach to the middle and upper-middle classes—just wasn't grasping the old work. He became the gun-toting, iron-chairman, cow-punkster Klansman, a man unafraid of action. Sure he was a red neck, and the inference was if he was a red neck, Duke was nothing but a white-washing party.

While the light is still good, Wilkinson and his four bodyguards pose in front of the bus for photographs. The bodyguards clear back seats and the wizard crouches, peeling out his chest as if he is defending the vehicle. A photographer aims him in a pose going out of his hair. Wilkinson says, "You don't think I'm gonna step on that thing, do you?"

It is dark now. The entrance for the evening is Alabama state Klan chaplain Billy Rocco, a purple-brown twenty-year-old with a cowboy hat and a silver corner marker for a large Toyota driver.

"Here, I have an announcement of the Hermitville Hermit's lead-raising drive, and that is a raffle of one Thompson submachine gun rifles. Tickets are a dollar, and we'll be in a drawing. The winner's just get in touch with any member of the

Hermitville Hermit. Now I'd like to welcome you to the Klans, introducing rifle, and I'd like for all of you to stay tonight and see something you can tell your grandchildren about. I'd like you to stay because we're gonna run a little white power through here tonight. 'What do we want?'"

And all 500 raise their arms and shout.

"White power!"

"What?"

"White power!"

"Lauder!"

"White power!"

"Acme!" says Rocco.

Reverend Drummond, the eighty-three-year-old regional Klan chaplain, is helped up the ladder to the truck bed.

"I want to say here all of us remember that God loves every one of us."

He looks over, one of us.

He looks over, one of us.

He looks over, one of us.

He looks over, one of us.

He looks over, one of us.

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He looks over, one of us.

Wilkinson moves back to the mike in full regalia and screams: "What do we want?" And the crowd lets fly: "White power!"

He looks over, one of us.

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He looks over, one of us.

managing the King James Version affirms the Klan. He cites all the great war-mongering chapters. Exodus 15, Isaiah 10, Revelations 19. He conjures up the holy spirit, the white robes, the evil Jews, the end of the world. He belies his speech, sings a melody, arrives in the air, shouts the crusade, strike, and the night when he gets a chance. The crowd is a little surprised at the size in the old man and cheers him at every paragraph. He crosses down-center behind the Jews. The Jews lead the singers. They crossed Washington. They will be taken up by God in a whirlwind and put back in Israel!

Then Brother Rocco takes over to create more up even further. "If the black agitator gets a black jack put on white women, we are gonna try that jaw back!" He spins them expertly up into a fine fiery contact just what they came for. There are a few heads nodding in that no-mind-kind way when good rhetoric comes in order over a few lines. If something a little queer had happened, but the moment passes.

By the time Wizard Wilkinson steps up, the crowd is ready for him. Wilkinson's speech involves several children, his own children, the children of the Klan Youth Corps, misaligned white children being molested by age suggests in integrated schools. They in the music to fight blacks. Wilkinson's performance may be lively, but it is unimpeachably dour. Chalmers are the trigger. The wizard gets excited but he is a more modest rhetoric than Rocco's, less prophetic than Brother Drummond's. Of course, Wilkinson needs them, needs his and Drummond's to lend authority to his own message—the it for your children, who are your future.

The wizard says, "I have dedicated most of the years of my life for my country. For eight years, I was the uniform of a soldier, serving on Polish submarines with a top-security clearance. Today, I serve my country in another uniform, and I say to you, now is the time to don the robes of the Klan."

He backs out of the light to one side, white robes up his robe. His shadow-board is placed on his belt. He comes back to the mike in full regalia and screams: "What do we want?"

He looks over, one of us.

He looks over, one of us.

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And the crowd lets fly: "White power!"

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He looks over, one of us.

He looks over, one of us.



Amid a throng of people, a classic Klansman moved off shotgun in front of the house. American First Center. It's not, in this order, black Klans in America. And the young members of the first Klans party down, marking their arrival, Grand House Alabama.

standing, in part because the field is dark and rough in part because there are many to follow under the robes. An each man poses in front of the crowd. He is loaded in a solidified body.

When the men have come full circle, the wizard's torch is lit, showing his set face and those dead screams around him.

The Klansmen the sound the sound once more, lighting their torches from his. When they have finished, the field is again and bright, night torches showing.

Wilkinson, Drummond, and their guards now march along inside the fire of Klansmen. The wizard steps the parade to be late the night the south of the cross.

"Klan! Klan! Klan!"

The men turn toward the cross to lower and then raise their torches three times, the flames twist and burn in the air. The wizard steps out of the crowd and repeats the salute. When the wizard is in the crowd from the northern area, a shotgun cracks off close and stings in the woods below the railroad tracks.

At least on one understands what this sound really implies, but when the bodyguards flag the wizard to the ground and pile on top of him, a thought strikes many people in the same way, an image.

The Klansmen round the cross drop to their knees and begin lighting their torches and on the ground and the long dead grass catches fire. One man does not notice that

he is lighting his torch on a patch of fuel oil, the spot where the torches were soaked. It explodes. Now there is a ring of sparks and fire around the cross brighter than any of the torches. In the ring, the wizard is being dragged into the lee of the school bus. Outside the ring, several dozen armed Klansmen crouch behind cars and drive lead on the railroad tracks with high-powered rifles. When the Klansmen are finished, the crowd is silent. No one is shouting, no one is shouting.

Nobody leaves. There becomes a mass and word. Forty seconds, a year. A mass of men shout at one another, rushing the roads below the tracks with walkie-talkies. More men rush back.

There have been no other shots, which could mean anything. Someone has fired his last bullet. "Klansters! Stay in your place!" Then, a dozen security guards emerge from the trees beneath the tracks with two handguns, boys really, white boys seventeen or eighteen years old. A chorus of rebel yells celebrates the capture. The boys are pulled in the big tree at the north end of the field, where an armed Hendrix interrogates them. They were coming home from work, says the foreman, got curious. When they got to the railroad tracks, a Klan security guard fired a shot at them. For a while it does not seem unreasonable to expect a couple of long ropes to snare out of somebody's hand and over a limb at that big tree, but it's not the spirit of the moment. The boys apologize. Hendrix turns them loose.

"Klan! To the cross!" shouts Williamson over the horn, and those with torches still stay as there at the base of the cross. "Let's show the niggers what we're all about," cries a Klansman, and he rubs handfuls of ash on the crowd. The crowd is quietly reaching for something after the interruption of its pigment. Instead of focusing and calibrating all the strange energy, lighting the cross has the opposite effect. The cross itself resembles rather than burns. As it sits and smokes, the word recites its coefficients, which begins:

"Klansmen salute.
Behold the fiery cross and realize:
All the troubled history leads to speech
as followed thus."

As he finishes, eight or ten Klan Youth Corps members invariable mind of the boys with a few torches. "We would like to let the children the matches show what they think of forced labor and integration in this country," says Williamson. "They throw their torches into the fire. The fire, the music, the drumming, the shouting, it is the law, their quality and hard, and an eagle word sends a noisy black crowd screaming along the ground toward the cross."

"I thought I smelled shit burning!" shouts a man. "Why don't you come on over there, nigger!"

Just like a nigger to get on a burner's bus.

"Must want to go to that white school after lunch!"

The Bears curl at the windows and over the roof, a vision the crowd can really sink its teeth in. Someone recalls a dispute that entered the language years ago. It is so well, and they turn it was a flange for the law and for the mythical negro made.

"You baby, baby."

"There, nigger, here!"

"There, baby, here!"

An explosion, twice bigger than the gunshot. People flinch, shout, duck, drop, become later they realize, laughing, that it was the left rear tire of a yellow Buick from the lot. The field hangs in thick chemical

clouds, a dull sepia light at the center. Aches begin and bright as a gyrophast flares up and down on the thermostat.

TWO WEEKS AFTER THE RALLY. AT A party, Mountain Man Grimes directs me out into his porch, anxious himself to run to the dark, and says, "Look here, we opened up and let you in and we're asked nothing of you but to tell the truth. You don't know how much I got staked on that. What I want to say is, if you ever, if you ever want to join the Klan, we'll let them people know what a hell Williams and you. And me. And brother, I hope you do, because I would surely love to put that good hand shake on you some day."

DAVID KILGORE AND BET BUELF HIS eyes cut the day after Hell Bendix Mountain. He looked in on his dynamite and himself, overlying algebra, a rather serious indication that the explosive was sensible. He decided to test it, but he had to test his dynamite first. The very wooden light and he went back to study it. It exploded when his face was about fifteen inches away.

The patch threw him back on his feet. At 30 pounds, David is not easy to throw in a fight. He couldn't see or smell. Once Carol got him inside, she pulled him back piece of aluminum shrapnel out of his face and eyes. He refused to see a doctor. For a day he was totally blind, then partial sight returned to his left eye.

Two days after the accident, David says, "Well, I'm humped into things quite a bit, don't have any depth perception hardly. It stinks and burns like the devil, so that makes me think it's going better. I have seen that Minute Man, as it is, out the register. There in some situations that I shouldn't have come out of so I realize I'll get out of this. Last year the house we were residing in Tennessee caught on fire, and I went back in to get the baby. Somebody had took the baby already, but I passed out in the smoke."

Carol says quickly, "If it hadn't been for that old colored man and the slavery. If he had that drag you out of that house, you'd have been burned up with it. They saved your life, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, why won't you let a doctor work on your eye?"

"I can't believe it, yes, I was raised up a country Baptist, and I believe anything that happens the Lord has a hand in. Now if I was to sit down and study, maybe I could decipher what the Lord wants. But I don't ever do that."

BILLIE SMART WALKS DOWN TO meet me as I park my car in front of Platt Grimes. The car that is in his right arm is visible all the way across the park. It is a dark brown, he believes it to be his eleven. And as he draws closer, I notice a white ad-

vice betterly over a cut on his forehead. Billy smiles like a cat. "I fell down."

"Where?"

He looks at the ground without giving up his smile. "Right here." He keeps looking at the ground until he is sure I know it is a lie.

"Come on."

"All right. I ran into a door." The same smile. "In the house."

The stairs lead directly into Billy's room, which is separated from Grimes's by a greenish curtain. Through there is no dressing. Billy's room is immaculate. His clothes he stacks and folds along one wall, his few possessions are arranged, his single bed is done in a careless and tidy way. A small steel armchair mounted on the headboard looks out over his yellow, tattered for his work, spread in a track wreck.

Billy says, "Man, you never saw my mother, did you?"

He pulls his shirt down to walk across the room and opens a cassette under the window. He takes out two plastic bags and ruffles them on the bed. The metals are wrapped in tissue, made elegant dark boxes. "Now that is only about half of them, but here's my four Campaign Stars and my Bronze Star and my Presidential Citation. And do you believe it, I got the Good Conduct Medal?"

For each medal there is a separate, smaller ribbon to go on the dress uniform. Billy looks up at us with the bright self-pieces. The Vietnam Campaign Medal is a six-pointed white enamel star hanging on a purple-green ribbon. Engraved in the golden center of the star are two scenes: a cotton field, and his face.

Billy says, "I was going to show all that shit now, but my wife said me way to her my baby girls. I think I will, though. Not that a bunch of boys. Do you want any of all I've written, babies, tell me if you want any of them. Do you want that Vietnam Campaign?"

"You keep it for your girls."

"What about my Kim here? Will you take my Klan hat?" He picks his red and white mesh tractor hat off the window sill and tosses it on the bed. I pick it up by the bill; it has an embroidered blood-drop cross on the crown. I have never actually laid one of them before. Billy sits quietly and then says, "Sit, boy, you are gonna get sick back up in New York. That place is gonna make you sick."

Billy has the hat out by my car. He is waiting until the last moment to test it. "Maybe if you come home for Christmas, we can drive up to Memphis and see Jerry Lee," and then he laughs hard, very suddenly, and puts a wet grip on my arm with his unbroken hand. "It'll still drive. And if I'm not, I want you to come over to my grave and pour a little sugar down on I told you at me. You know it, Billy, I told you to be careful." ☐

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how good you're gonna look.

THE GREAT SECOND CHANCE

A SURVIVAL MANUAL FOR THE SUDDENLY SINGLE MAN

1

A Tragic Victim of Divorce

Maybe you've recently lived the scene. Maybe you're pretty sure you're about to live it. Surely you've imagined it, things being what they are today. You've put that door on what the divorce lawyers will shortly take to calling "the marital residence." You're standing there, a suitcase in each hand, looking a little like Willy Loman about to explore the New England scenery. At this moment of awful finality, you're still too stunned to be grateful for the fact that you will no longer have to hear about her prod for "more jewelry" or listen to irrelevant comparisons between her growth rate and yours as nearest neighbor, psychologist, intellectual, and sensual (how could you not have realized that all those years you were living with a coarseness magnet?). All you feel is that cut and staccato for yourself, terrible, terribly sorry for yourself.

There is some loss, of course, of life's game plan being destroyed. There is, also, let's face it, just the slightest sense of being unmoored, since the traditional line of divorce has until recently held that a man

the wife's prerogative to look things up, to find a fresh face with which to share his real life crisis. Women have only recently served this option for themselves, and even have yet to create a set of fallacies and wisdom similar to that which women built up out of decades of better experience to cover that awkward passage. About all there is society. Why didn't you learn to sew a button back on your shirt? Why didn't you learn to cook something besides a steak? Where do you go to get a good piece of luggage? And, hovering above such practical concerns are the ones that begin with the phrase "I just can't imagine..."

"I just can't imagine taking a girl for a date." "I just can't imagine actually making a pass at someone." "I just can't imagine waking up in a strange bed." This is understandable. It has, after all, been years since

BY RICHARD SCHICKEL

The author is a New York Times columnist and a television producer.

you actually went out on a date or actually had to write a letter. Oh, maybe you got drunk with somebuddy at the 17g line Convention a couple of years ago and went back to her room, but you know that doesn't really count. And the long-running affair, that most evanescent and mischievous of relationships, has recently taken hold in America. The truth is that, standing there, fastening your topcoat against the chill, you can't help but remember that you really weren't much good at all that stuff the last time it was legal for you. When you were single and in your twenties. You were always kind of all thumbs, weren't you? Either too blunt or too shy and sneaky. Anyway, everybody else seemed to score more than you did. And now, alas, you gather from the papers, women are more demanding, more critical, than they ever were. And you've put half your life off that. Hopeless, just hopeless, you say to yourself! Well, I'm here to tell you, survive that loss, that you're wrong that the only thing you have to fear is, yes, fear

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more! In other words, love causes a big load of false wisdom, the result of a heap of lies over the past four years since I was the guy standing there on the sidewalk, burdened by a lot more than my suitcase.

2

A Realistic Assessment

The first thing to avoid yourself of is that you are no longer a first-class year-old class. You have probably acquired a certain amount of wit and wisdom that, though lived on your late spouse, may vary, will prove interesting, even entertaining, to an intelligent stranger of the opposite sex. We are also assuming here that you have not screwed up your entire life, that you've done at least reasonably well in your work, which means that you've acquired along the way a certain amount of influence, maybe even power. This, too, adds to charm for women. Though it is generally not an aphrodisiac or boost if too blatantly. Finally, you now have something else you didn't have when you were sucking out, namely some disposable income, not all of which you could be going to take away from you despite the better services you're been having.

The basic point to remember is that during the years that have intervened since you last went out on a date, you have caused to be a nobody and have become a somebody, and that's very reassuring to women. It means, of course, that you can take them to nice places, which cheers everybody up, but more important, your dates don't have to engage in the desperate type of flattery, which they won't even amount to anything, which they still have to do with younger guys, even as they are told to do with you. Drive, therefore, both pleasure and confidence from your availability. You may even want to post a note on your telephone that says "I am a young man whose any response to my differing during those first dreadful days of separation, when my romantic aspirations had originally faded, was, 'Oh, you've got nothing to worry about. You're single, solvent, and straight.'"

But, as you say, status has not been achieved without a certain cost. Your timeline has gone north, your timeline, despite the successful, has gone east and west. If you're not sure the really cute guy you once were. Don't worry too much about that—unless you've entirely grown out, in which case you ought to do something about yourself just on general principles. Physical perfection simply doesn't mean as much to women as it does to men. This excellent quality results from the fact that women do not have our linear and dual tradition of objectifying the opposite sex. Chances and style actually count more with them than, say, a neat pair of pants, as a glance around any first-class restaurant will tell you. Look at all these splendid costumes draped with guys old enough to be their fathers. (The *Interstate* lounge's endless search for her absent daddy is another factor in your favor, but that's a dark realm not to be entered lightly upon.)

One classic, oft-repeated lesson is Peter Richard's *Theorem of Achievement* will get you lost, but it won't get you lost. That is to say, it will grant you the privilege of access but not the right of possession. And there will come a time when the lineal and the casual will not satisfy, when you will prove someone for some thing more permanent. You will rarely be admired by the discovery that status, social acquaintance, mutual interests—all that past—when this comes in a when a lady comes right down to making a permanent choice.

3

The Birds Are Coming

A lady of my acquaintance said recently, "I want to fly with an eagle, but I keep making up with periwinkles." Now she means many things by that metaphor, but it should be noted that the salient characteristics of periwinkles is that they talk too damned much. It is not considered good form to go on and on about the low unpleasantness at home. Oh, most women will politely inquire about it, kindly hoping to gain some insight into your character thereby—which is precisely why you should clam up. Let's

face it, it was probably not your finest hour, and until you've fully digested the experience, this isn't either. So the essential thing is, being a little sheepish at best on your tale. At best it may work as a kind of *Older* short story, if they want to read *Shower* *Shower*, let them go out and buy a copy. In due course you will encounter female patients, and after you've sipped up and 4.00 at a few nights in a row listening to their vocal strains, you too will come to appreciate the virtues of heavily *Fewer* members of unhappy families are all alike, and even the lovely people who advertise for companionship in the personal columns of *The New York Times* of *Shower* often specifically state that they're not interested in hearing from the recently split. They may be desperate, but they're not willing to get their ears bent listening to your minute recital of intimate pain.

4

The Transitional Woman

Well, but you "put a tick in somebody" like your heart, of course you do. That's why God created the Transitional Woman. When then lady, you already know her—somebody at the office, maybe the lady down the block or over at the tennis courts. The main thing, however, is that she's somebody you already feel comfortable enough to be confidential with and if you're honest with yourself you'll admit that she's been drifting quietly through your fantasy life over the years—especially since she got her divorce a couple of years ago. Anyway, she's been where you now are, seems to have learned the ropes and to have survived and is, above all, amiable. You will derive much emotional profit from pouring out your troubled heart to her. Besides, which it is not hard to ask her for a date or even just to hug. You know her. She's nice. She's not going to laugh at you or put you down.

Well, slow fast. But watch it. It is my observation that the majority of second marriages is between people who knew each other before their first marriages broke up, which says a great deal, I think.

We're scared of rejection and scared of being alone. If you are all that, stop, then you need me no further. The situation you're going to make with the Transitional Women is going to be right back into marriage. I am not into this principle. I think men should marry, and men are going to be better if you're really sampled the pleasures and perils of freedom. And when you do decide to make a permanent alliance, you will feel it is with someone you really chose out of the great wide, wonderful world.

This does not mean that Transitional Women are bad people. Actually they are terrific people, and as the years go by, you may very well find yourself looking back fondly on your ladies in white or on one of them. But I think the real function of the Transitional Woman is to restore your self-esteem, to help you get the past behind you by making you realize that you actually have a future in the realm of human relations. I am not speaking cynically. These things are all a matter of timing, and if you meet your Transitional Woman later, as a stranger, the chances are that you might marry her, since she is so nice and all. But it's likely that for as much beyond a perfectly natural relationship, you're going to want to move on after a few, hushy months. When you do, treat her kindly too, she did really. And don't worry—you'll get your chance to referent your debt because you'll see in your heart some lady is going to make you into her Transitional Man and break your heart in the end.



Moving On

It is entirely unfair and completely so, perhaps to place women—men—in categories. It is offensive. It fails to take into account the infinite variety of human and different people being satisfied. So I am pleased to what seems to me perfectly obvious generalizations:

Career women: I have discovered only one available rule, which is never get involved with anyone who is not working. And I mean seriously working—part-time

jobs in art galleries don't count. When you want it is someone who is serious about her career, absorbed in it. It is true, of course, that we are developing a breed of women who, like too many men, have no sense in their heads for anything, but their creative and their views, they are for creative ideas on the subject, pretty damned satisfactory about everything else and sometimes rather too competitive with the guys in their lives. But they are still a minority. And in that, they are generally preferable to women who sit around collecting their money checks and musing their indignities: the winning will make you crazy. Women who are really trying hard at their work are, perhaps, involved in something larger than themselves, beyond all personal attitudes, who are to be wooed at all costs. To put it simply, most working women are the world and this makes for a really good couple.

Married women: There's just one rule here. These ladies only with the happily hitched. I haven't searched if there's some contradiction in that statement, but the fact is that some marriages are quite all right, friendly and congenial, with only one thing lacking—boredom. If you can provide that and get a marriage about wanting to be more deeply involved, both of you will have a swell time, and you'll have the added satisfaction of feeling that you're doing your bit to keep the divorce statistics down, supplying the one element that is missing in her otherwise isolated life. The longest standing relationship of my single years—well over three years—was all this character and I must say that until recently, when I've considered making some sort of permanent commitment, the thought of going up those sweet alter steps with my married friend over me pained.

As for women whose marriages are not happy, stay away. All this is bringing their complaints about their husbands into your bed, and the bawling and moaning comes out all the time.

Love or lust? Nowadays, of course, we will categorize lots of women who are living with guys "out of wedlock," as we used to say, and the same basic rule that applies to the formally united applies to them. But proceed with caution, there are a couple of wrinkles in their situation that could trip you up. The lady who is only seemingly committed to a relationship is her naturally free to walk out any day, so she must reach this commitment reluctantly herself to the thing. Which means that you're likely to encounter a lot more gait with one of these women than you are with a married woman, at least as far as sex goes, and so your house is going to be attacked by many glances and fidgets.

Another point about the technically free. They are as a class the least straightforward of the great American tradition of cohabitation. You see, these ladies have the same

need we all have, to either reassurance that we remain attractive. But that need is all too easily grabbed. French looting in a Chinese restaurant, the quick rape in a discreetly parked car, making love only against you on the corner of Fifth Street and Fifth, just for one scandalous optical individual to do the trick for them. Why proceed merely further—such a lady concludes—when you have, either by making or by responding to a sexual overture, already involved the essential question?



The Ages of Women

In coming along for available partners, we must consider not only professional and marital status but also age.

I know that there are lots of older guys who like women—actually, I think of them as girls—in their twenties, but that is the easy way out, against the woman's concept of being like a hell of a fellow, you because you can keep up with a kid. My trouble is that I can never figure out how to sustain a conversation with them, since their frame of cultural reference and mine don't coincide at all. The younger ones are actually a little bit vague about the Beatles and, preferably, their eyes glaze over with bored emotional punctuation if you play them a cut or two at Willie Nelson's Shred.

As for women in their forties, it seems to me that many of them have been abused by recent history. Some, actually, are what might classically be termed depressed—left in the lurch by strident husbands, on the other side of the coin, looking up too late from their careers and finding that years of living alone have set them too rigidly in their ways to be easily cheered loose. But the ones who are the hardest (and sometimes the saddest) cases for the approaching rule are those who have been betrayed by feminist ideology. Having left their marriages for some like-blooming-free, they are discovering that life is as more fulfilling than their former one. But that starts if it is fulfilling on one level. It is too many levels. As a result, one often

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ters among women of this age a pervasive, if often unspoken, sense of disappointment, a sense that perhaps various rights and privileges that younger women seem able to accept as their natural due are too hard or too nebulous to deal with. All this tends to make many women in their forties edge emotionally and so forth somewhat, full of day and night periodically get forth. You get the feeling either that it is your job to turn sex into a total repudiation for the bad that they're had or that there is nothing you can do as best as out of it, to indicate their grievances. Another position is, still we say, a goodly one.

The thirties, on the other hand, is a very nice time. It is for everybody, as you know from your own experience. It is a time when youth's beginning to wane, your own potential and to make it. Also, it is the only decade we have where some of us, anyway, know more or less as grown-ups not so much by that phase of all the years to come, a sense of one's own mortality. But for women their days, it is, or should be, a golden age. They are the beneficiaries of two revolutions, the first and the second. The former allows them to pursue their professions without much guilt either about being their children's hang-out or about depriving her entirely (forget about getting married and having children. As for that other revolution—well, they have those needs, too! And they go about the business of satisfying them in a nicely straightforward fashion. Oh, they are not married, they do like to have the bedroom in a nice romantic candle-like glow. But by and large, you can ask them a direct question and get a direct response, as men wanting to go to work, to meet friends, and plenty of other things. In short, if you haven't been around much lately, you're going to discover among this crowd what it is not too much to call a new breed of women.

Such is also going to discover if you're very, very good and very, very lucky, an other new breed—new to you anyway. This is the woman of a "fortiesage." Now, as we get older this certain age advance too. Which means we are talking about women in their late forties and early fifties. The majority of them are merely continuing the young forties by other means, that is to say in a mood of increasing frenzy. But there is a tiny, unrepresentative group who have actually lived and learned who have remained beautiful and are responsible for the one new older woman-pioneer man had. What glorious pleasure they offer! You see, every conceivable line on every conceivable subject has been tried on them and most of them have a permanently elegant and serene glow that you can't get by looking at someone as old as they are. You might try on them. But they are wise, tolerant, patient and usually very, very funny. You can't do anything with them but state your business bluntly and take seriously

whatever response they offer. Sexually they have learned what you haven't—you poor dumb, horny, lustful—namely that you can get along without it if you have to. Therefore, they tend to be sweetly choosy. But if they decide you might just possibly pass muster (and they're not talking about sex, they're talking kindness, giving, acceptance) they are warm, affectionate, not wildly demanding or possessive. Best of all, they understand that just because you've had a nice time in bed, that is not a sign that marriage or other permanent commitment is to be considered. This is because they've come really to appreciate their independence. Oh, as one of them wrote me recently, "I treasure in my ability to be alone, to choose my own hours, pace, and pleasure. I love it—freedom to choose—and so I've become selfish, with no wish to subordinate myself to another person and his happiness." This is the liberation beyond liberation. Besides which, being old-fashioned girls, they have a pleasant way of getting up with you in the morning to let you a nice, cup of coffee—no sugar—and offer a little cheerful conversation before sending you on your way.

8

Forplay—and Fun

By the preceding I don't mean to imply that women like indecisiveness, or, worse, little-boy attitudes, where you kind of scuff your toe in the dirt and try to see whether they'll let you in. That used to work for Jimmy Stewart, but the times, they have changed, as I keep telling you. By the time you get her home and she's settled you in for a drink in very promising spirit, of course, she will have offered plenty of clues as to what her interests are—the hand that brushes yours more than is strictly necessary to make her own emotional points at dinner, the touch of a knee, whenever these are things to which attention must be paid. And the very act of paying attention, of really concentrating, considering the number of expressions running around these days, should stand you in good stead. When you get home, display some physical affection, turn her gently, followed by a direct question, politely put. A modern of discretion may follow, but if it crosses the line to bed, a quick but not silky exit is in order.

However, we have arrived here in the first half of the seduction ritual. You have got to evaluate her initial behavior carefully. It may be an indication, as I have said, just as it was in the old days—remember those girls who used to like to accept men on when they could think of sex, morning as a side of irresistible passion. I'll admit, I know what I was thinking of. I'll admit it the way, you're going to have to persist, over moderate price—substantiating buttons, occupying papers, maybe even seeing her boldly and compelling her firmly in the direction of the bedroom. This, however, I'll admit and

Michael Came as Role Model

All right, there are all these terrific women out there (and you've had her sitting right about the eyes that you're so terrified. Now what? Well, the first thing is to understand them. Even if you've been living in South Africa for the last decade, you will have heard the lip curling contempt with which women pronounce the word "male chau." They mean it. And let's face it, the attitudes they are demonstrating in that bit of shorthand really are boring and vulgar, and unless you make your living in a movie game in the NFL, you're going to have a hell of a time doing them out with any degree of wisdom. I have discontinued since the course of much pillow talk in recent years, that the movie star that most modern middle-class American women like best is Michael Caine, and the thing they like best about him is his vulnerability, which is

The only vodka imported from Russia.

Stolichnaya.

(pronounced: Stol-ich NYE-yah)



mutually depending, in this day and age, a turn-off. Assuming everything else is pleasant between you, anything beyond a decent, poor formal invitation—a low in the structure of ymmenee, the lead of per her mother, firstly beveled she was (singing—should be interpreted as a sign of emotional adolescence and a warning signal of other affairs to come.

On the other hand, there is a second interpretation that can be given to verbally expressive refusal. That is that the just doesn't want to. Tough. If it not want, that just because there's a social routine no going on out there, everybody has to get laid on the first date or even the second (after that we'd want her to materialize the whole situation). Then, a strategy, well-known, can be indicated—and all the more relevant to reveal the conversation unobtrusive or to leave it at that. Therefore, you're both adults. It also doesn't seem to the doesn't want to, so be a good sport about it.

Which advice is useful to the third and most direct possibility in all this, namely that you just plain don't turn her on. This is very likely to have a bad effect on your morale and to make you crumby. That's because, but there's no reason to make a big deal about it. The fact is that no one—even Warren Beatty—is going to score every time. Don't like it personally. If you're going to play in this league, you're got to learn to play with the little hints

occasionally, between you.

We're beginning to wonder like a lady's response around here, isn't it? Okay, we can do a little better than that. The first thing to do is to go up to what has come to be known as "performance anxiety." You've been reading a lot about that subject lately, mostly in the form of complaints from our fellows as reported to the sex therapists. What's happened of course is that women are getting around more than they used to in the sense of which they are discovering men who're really new, how to turn them on, and waiting all this water bears of comparison, they're beginning to expect more of their subsequent gentlemen callers. So you see we reason why they shouldn't?

The first thing to do about this state of affairs is to accept it—as a challenge. I mean, life's given to the life of our enlightened times, so there's no point in getting crummy about it. And besides, knowledge is, as they say, a two-way street. Some of these ladies, thanks to your professor, may have picked up a pleasant trick or two to surprise and delight you. And then, step to think a minute. As a physical act, sex requires somewhat less involvement than scoring a touchdown, but achieving a number three would drive the barman. There's nothing really to worry about so that final, finally, don't worry so damned much about failure. I don't care what the other guys claim in the locker room, there isn't a man on earth who hasn't, at various times, failed either to get it up or to keep it up. It's a number of the little bars (welcome to the NFL!) we've got to play with. But one of the very substantial fringe benefits of dealing with more experienced women is that the more of the experience they've all had to cope with gently and pleasantly.

There is, however, one thing about which your modern woman is not the first to understand or sympathize, and that is sexual self-absorption on the part of the male. One well-traveled lady of my acquaintance once did a little routine of the typical American man's idea of elaborate foreplay. "First, I twiddle you here for about thirty seconds," she said, touching one of her nipples. "Then he distractively massages around down here for another minute or so," she added, touching her pubic triangle. "Then he sticks a finger in me so I can see why. Then he climbs on." Blimey, but I've been the same story, less touchy, but enough times to believe she speaks truly. As the risk of sounding sentimental, I just want to say that, to see a woman's body in one of the corners of your mind and that the most remarkable thing about being called into a woman's bed is that she is permitting you to gaze—to touch, to taste, to look, to smell. To know in short, it seems to me that the kind of physical contact I'm talking about here is, in some sense, like conversation, the function of which—between

a man and a woman who are strangers—is to discover which pieces, what dispositions each other, to find out what they have in common and also what they have to brush each other. What we are talking about here is a form of grace and civility, of politeness. It is, I must say, depressing to feel that the foregoing paragraph is necessary, and I know that to some of you it is going to sound like a lot of fuss and bother, perhaps not worth the effort, especially since it has become in my day and age to laugh from one-night stand-to-one-night stand, the illusion of intimacy, easily encouraged, not to mention the feeling that you're a hell of a fellow. For you I think it's probably necessary to point out that there is a nice, neat, cheering bottom line to all of this. It's best summarized by a fragment of an old song lyric: "I give to you and you give to me."

In other words, there are certain things that you're really like to have happen sexually but that it's not all that easy just to go and ask for. Well, if you're giving, nicely and gently, guess what's going to happen? Somebody is going to give back with some spirit. This is called reciprocal communication, and there is a sweet effectiveness to it that will keep your heart and smile just one day longer your life.



An Afterword on Afterward

"How come every beautiful woman I know thinks she ought to have ten pounds?" I asked a friend of mine the other day. "I don't know," she replied. "She comes every man I go to bed with wants me to tell him he's the best lover I've ever had!"

Let's just say it. We're all insecure: we all have these nagging questions about ourselves, our attractiveness, our desirability. And there is not a better way to reply to either that doubt or the most remarkable thing about being called into a woman's bed is that she is permitting you to gaze—to touch, to taste, to look, to smell. To know in short, it seems to me that the kind of physical contact I'm talking about here is, in some sense, like conversation, the function of which—between

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The Heart of the Matter

Let us tell you how to dwell on the things that can go wrong. Let us explain that through the magical combination of common sense and enthusiasm, you have actually made it to the bedrooms. Test are now faced with a lively army of possibilities that you don't want to think too much about lest they overwhelm you. And if you think you're going to get a lot of specific, practical advice here, forget it. Because, as they say, it's infinite and so is sex, and you've got to be responsive to her mood, your mood, and the mood you've created, quite

Audio. The Flipside of Zenith.

of the Wings. The TSL is not going to beg it, food it, and make it part of a new hydro-electric project. It constitutes a dark ground that all of us—regardless of age, sexual status, or station in life, must traverse once in our time. I know—10 years ago I did a lot of sailing around that area—the time this terrible rash broke out on my hands and the dermatologist asked me if I'd been under my stress lately. But you can cut your elapsed time in it. There are enough of us veterans around to recognize the trip you are on and tell you—each one—to give it up.

Listen to us. I pray you'll find it easier to my friend Mel. I'd have been through the whole business in two weeks—completely recovered in a month.

The Wings Quiz

But just in case the AAFW American Association of Former Winged is out to lunch, I've prepared a little quiz to help you. If you answer yes to more than one of the following questions, there's no a Lapidus remedy you're involved in but Of Human Bondage.

1. Are you afraid to run and not pick up your shorts at the Civic Center because you're afraid when she'll finally make the phone and she'll proceed you?

2. Do you plan your route in and from work so that when you're home, you're not so tired that you'll have to call her and she'll be so tired that you'll have to call her back?

3. Does an extraordinary relationship come over you when you happen to walk by that little French restaurant where once you had lunch, the street corner where she was actually on time for a date, the movie theater where she would sit in the front row and be as happy as you provided her it would be?

4. Do you find yourself talking absolutely about her in the days despite their dramatic changes the change the change the change?

5. Do you have a drawer of letters to her—mostly angry, cupping, jussuade, nature, and some of her observations about her hair that end that of your personality—just in case you need to read?

6. Will you pick up her paraphernalia for her—her jacket—every thing she's really left on the way to her house?

7. Do you gently hear the most when you're reading and he calls? Even when it's the second time in the same evening?

And so forth. In your lonely moments, you will be started and amazed to learn that the association has entirely detached itself from the subject to which it originally referred and that it has a lot of time to be quite objectively observe her faults—and cooking, for example, or a laundry time in clothes—yet continue to pursue her in order to lead the association.

If you can free yourself, alas, your only hope is her. And finally, for the sake, she will remain, for like any creature, she gets

used to giving her servant's no heart. Then one day she will pull one of her usual stunts—"Gosh, I know I said we could spend the weekend together, but now Bill wants me to go to that party with him after all, but, listen, I've got all afternoon here!"—and that marvellous changing world you have will be the whole falling down your eyes and landing down around your ankles. Changing. Truly, my dear, I don't give a damn—the greatest winged line of all time—a purely optional. What a fabulous line, and the affair is that finally brings a grand finale: prison to me—and I keep telling you, life is not a prison—and how suddenly, when the sun's here, I can only say I find after a lot that you don't even regret the time so foolishly spent, because it wasn't wasted. Just the opposite, I think, for the fact that these wretchedly flawed, inevitably failed relationships in to complete your sentimental education.

To be sure, you should learn from an offer of this order that there are, in this world, women who laugh, have no talent for loving these men, of course, men like that too, but they need not concern you unless you are one of them. By this, I mean simply that they are selected with a terrible emotional caution a horse-deep sense that love must inevitably demure rather than enhance them. They know not only that this is a wide-silly state—five months they blame it all on their bodies, who didn't log these things—and it is certain that their excessive results from an incapacity to trust anyone outside themselves. They really would like to change which is why the first weeks with them sleep as an enemy. But it is always at the point where the obstacles should start twinkling down that they start building them up. There is always a career, a married man, or an emotional couple having in the shadow of their love, ready to be summoned forth to provide the previous commitment that is no commitment so she can avoid the real thing, which would spoil the perfection of her self-absorption.

Then an even greater letter perfect when the perfection of the type is Woodhouse, and Woods Allen entered the love that was married everything you need to know about her. "You're always thinking you're going to be the one that makes me act different."

But you never are. Well, now you've learned the hard way how right he is—so you'll never have to go through all that again, will you?

Yes, also know your own downfall, the indignities you are. I hope, when I'm around to discover you are capable of being upon yourself. I think, perhaps, we must all journey once to the Valley of the Wings in order to discover just how fragile we are and to learn how to recognize true love, which is simpler—true love is the direct opposite of what you've just gone through.

12

A Final Confession

This piece has taken a very long time to write. In the course of that time I've felt in less—anything for a big finish, right? I wasn't expecting to fall in love. Didn't particularly want to. Not right now, are you? And this is a woman of mature accomplishments, recent who gives a first and quite correct impression of great self-assurance—warm and intelligent, yet also polite and distant. She keeps very much to herself, despite a life that has been lived mostly in the public eye. Although not greatly encouraged by her, I pursued her, by letter and long-distance and finally, by jet to that fair and private place where, periodically, she retreats from the world.

She is still there, and I am here, lost in looking at the days and by what we need meaning. She is a woman who seems to have been delivered into my arms by some magic creature out of some nineteenth-century romantic fiction, possibly and independent, no sometimes about her. Except for a few small, dark, like-spirited babies were always terminal necessities of heart and always possessed of the gift of grief. And what she sees in me, I'll never know.

What I do know is that is about the charming, stupidity, and pain of the passage I've been describing here. I would not have known enough to recognize and reach out toward her intuitively, nor would I have had the timing to pursue her till I was so myself as an artist, as I did, nor the determination I had to see through with her all the problems and fear of us can in the product.

At this point, not finally, the simple common sense—kind of experience—to appreciate what I have found in her and, through her to me. I find that I am able to trust as I never have before—not just her, but myself, which, as it happens, is the hardest thing for me. We give to each other and receive from each other, and in these acts of mutual kindness—which we never count up or balance out—there is purity and gravity and a space-gravity fill up, at last, the wandering heart. ☐



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TED LAPIDUS
1984

BASICS AT ANY PRICE

A TALE OF THREE WARDROBES

WHEN all is said and done, it is probably just as sensible to promote a man because he shares your taste in shirts (or sweaters or) as for any other reason.

MICHAEL KORDA

POWER? How to Get It, How to Give It



THE FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-DOLLAR MAN

HIS WARDROBE is a glitzy kit that should last from one to three years, say Michael Schreier and John Osergaard. He's too young for tweeds and suspenders. He needs clothing designed for his tight, trim frame.

SO MAYBE KORDA'S WRONG. MAYBE you didn't get the job because you had just the right answer in your fine-tailored English cloth. Maybe it was your classical education or your confidence, but something style or your plain blond lock. But how will you ever know for sure?

Of course, we must assume, make at least part of the man, and perhaps in this time of individualism and selectiveness in fashion, this is truer than ever before.

There are almost as many schools of

\$120 Two-piece Italian suit of polyester and linen by NYC
\$121.00 Oxford cotton dress shirt by NYC
\$25.50 NYC with tie
\$17.50 Seersucker leather belt by NYC
\$16 Blouse socks by Walk-Over



\$21 Bretonnes rayon shirt with pocket detail
\$16.50 Cotton dress pants by Lee

\$125 Rayon-and-linen sport coat by NYC
\$121.50 Striped cotton shirt by NYC
\$10 NYC
\$100 Navy and cotton pants



\$35 Long-sleeved cotton sport shirt by Calvin Klein
\$56 Lightweight cotton pants by NYC

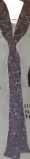
\$12 Cotton blend neck sweater by Calvin Klein
\$34 Calvin Klein long-sleeved cotton sport shirt
\$10 Linen-and-cotton pants by NYC



\$56 Guance Ruffles cotton jacket with popped pockets



\$179 Classic cotton trench coat by Calvin Klein



\$12.50 Cotton-and-rayon tie by Tricky Davis



\$165 Three-piece polyester-and-wool suit by NYC
\$29.50 Polyester-and-cotton shirt by NYC
\$12.50 Vicky dress silk tie



\$12.50 NYC cotton T-shirt
\$15 Classic French T-shirt of cotton, by NYC

\$51 Leather cashmere by Vogue

\$19 Hooded and striped cotton sweat shirt by Dancie



\$119 Polyester-and-mesh blazer by NYC



\$15.50 Cotton sweat shirt by USA
\$30 USA baggy pants of cotton

\$36 NYC belt of smooth leather

look is to add something offbeat or surprising—a leather tie, say, with a wood blazer. By mixing and matching, you can look as subtly elegant—or elegantly casual.

Another rule is always to buy quality. It does cost more, but in the long run it's worth it. A pair of Church's wing tip shoes will retail for \$140, but they'll last several years. A knuckliff model with a price tag of \$75 might have a much shorter life-span. The same goes for wool suits, raincoats, and sneakers.

THE GOOD GOODS

THE GOOD GOODS The
pr
clothes buyer can spot the real stuff
with just a casual glance, but that's
not always so easy for the rest of us.
We asked a tailor, a shirtmaker, and
an apparel buyer, among others, to
give us the one clue we should look
for in seeking higher-quality goods:

SHIRTS

SHIRTS "A high-quality ready-made shirt has single-needle construction," says Stanley Schwartz, a custom shirtmaker. "Any manufacturer who uses this kind of workmanship will advertise the fact. Look on the shirt label for the words 'single-needle stitching.'"

JACKETS

JACKETS "Razed sewing" of the lapels, buttonholes and lining is the first up-off-to-high-quality manufacturing," says K. Dean Vought, an apparel-industry consultant. The fabric should be supple to the touch. If the jacket looks as stiff as a board, it's quite likely that it has very little handwork, and you

THE SIX-THOUSAND-DOLLAR MAN

He is widely traveled and knows the meaning of fine things. He experiments with cut, fabrics, and designs. He may be a customer of the avant-garde Italian designers, and he's at home on Savile Row.

may be wise to return it to the rack

PANTS

PANTS Look at the waistband. It should have an inner or double-needle stitching. If you are uncertain, ask your seamstress.

TIPS

TIES "Turn the tie over," says Gerald Anderson of the Neckwear Association of America. "It is a high quality tie—it should be lined to the tips with a separate inner fabric."



Edison with sport coat by J. Rene Byrne

Sweet shirt of pure silk by Fink & Burns for Private Label

Self-fabric suede pants by Giorgio Armani

Barry Kershner-Cord Bond belt with Winchester buckle

Wares Kidan shoe by Hand Prison

It was John Overmire (right) who helped select the clothing for our \$1,000 Man. Overmire ran buyer for Byrne's successful NYC shop.

Michael Schuster (left) helped us with the \$5,000 and \$8,000 wardrobes. Schuster is usually on the road—both in the United States and in Europe—buying clothes for the store's international customers.

INCREDIBLE EXTRAS

EVERY WARDROBE could use a kicker on days when the same old clothes look as boring as last summer's homebody. Try one of these on either side of someone you are out to impress. Or intimidate. Or maybe if you just want to indulge.

Transori slacks come of null lothia

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TR7

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2. Bass Tacks. Center-stem oxford.
3. Classic Weejun® 4. Classic Tack

5. Weejun. 5. Wingtip. On cushioned crepe sole.
6. Bass Funjun. Moc oxford.
7. Bass Funjun. Plain oxford.
8. Bass Funjun. Tassel.
9. Bass Funjun. Cap toe oxford.
10. Lobster. Maine coast variety, available in original green or boiled red, in sizes 1 to 5 lbs. (Most styles available in several leathers.)

Bass

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"That's because it answered so much there last year."

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"You can put 'house cost property' in the ad," I said.

"How much would that add to the value of the property?"

"In Beverly Hills, that would add half a million," I said.

"But you can't say it there if it's not 'on' you," I asked.

"You can say 'house cost property' if there's money in a coat, but you wouldn't get half a million more, only a couple of hundred."

"Some of these prices are crazy," Lee volunteered.

THE HOUSES that Anna and Lee had in their listings were in areas of West Los Angeles. There was Beverly Hills property where your house, on the 500 block would go for \$800,000 and your house on the 600 block, just three blocks away, for \$1,800,000. Then there were the hills and canyons that had a lovely little post office address but were actually in Los Angeles.

Then the Sunset Strip and Wilshire, a well-wooded, wooded houses. Then Westwood, the area around UCLA, and Beverly Hills, the most beautiful Pacific Palisades.

There was plenty more. If the seller had a decent million dollar house, her commission came to \$100,000 and even when the split she took from the sale was as good as the selling price, her house, Lee would start off, but she has high standards. She lives in a small apartment. Last year she made only \$25,000, but that was her first year and it was a hell of a first year.

In real estate, there was to meet a client. Lee and I looked at a list of houses. Some were beautiful, others I don't mean to suggest that all the million-dollar houses were hiding doors. And some houses were extremely modest. By accident I missed two small bedrooms and two small bedrooms to be in use, one bedroom and one and a half baths.

There was nothing under \$250,000 in the house, but for a sale from the hills of Beverly Hills.

THE CALIFORNIA real estate boom is not limited to West Los Angeles. A friend of mine was offered a job as director of large-scale planning for a major office in northern California. He lived in a New Jersey suburb in a house with four bedrooms that had gone up from a purchase price of \$60,000 to \$275,000. But when his wife was house hunting in the San Francisco suburbs, she found that a similar house cost \$300,000. The house company had to help him finance the new house and make arrangements. The cost of California housing is such that it is contributing to the

survival of pockets of New England. The newspaper did not mention the real estate boom in the north, but the south of San Francisco, and they continue to grow at a rapid pace. But they have engineers in the computer plants of New England, where housing is not so expensive.

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THE FEROCIOUS REIGN OF KING KHAH

He has ruled North American squash for over a decade. With a slashing racquet and unequalled guile, he fends off usurpers and time itself

by Laurence Shames

There are two central concepts in British court tradition. One of these is hospitality, and the other is revenge. Shari Khan, Israeli, subsides to both notions but is particularly emphatic about the latter. "I'm a Israeli," he says. "I am a people, yes. But if I lose to someone once, the next time, I'll play him again and I will defeat him 99 percent. The rest he has to live with—aggressively, of course."

It is this aggressive ferocity that has made Khan such a durable champion. The game is hard-fought, a round-robin elapser sport rich in the mind-set of justice, order and finality. In squash, the rules and boundaries are very firmly set. Not even a pro has with a minimum of ambiguity. Excellence is gorgeous but is most evident slapping, thump—in collected very clearly off the four white walls of a squash court. And Shari Khan plays very clearly. He plays the game smartly and more consistently than anyone has ever played. He has won that no one else has even envisioned. He invents the game every time he goes out on the court. At the pro level, where mutual perfection is the norm, Khan makes the game seem to grow.

But squash is not where his power comes from. He is almost eerily good at anything that involves chasing a ball around and hitting it. Squash aficionados will tell you that their game is the most grueling and exciting of all racquet sports. This proposition, if true, should have as necessary that the best squash player is also the best all-around racquet athlete. Shari Khan is nothing more, having won for

World Squash Championships two out of three years. But a Israeli racquet in his hand, and he will be as competent as all but the upper echelon pros. Like most a Ping-Pong paddle, racquetball racquet, or badminton bat, he gives the impression that were he to concentrate on any of those other sports for a year—for six months—he'd rise to the top in that as well. But he has made the switch from racket to slapper

But that's the game work. The real thing is the rejection is his squash game. To appreciate what Khan does, you've got to understand at least a little bit about the basics of squash. First, you're in a room that is glorified. It's played one on one in a room that is a padded cell without the padding. You enter the room through a measure door that sticks that behind you and leaves you nowhere to hide. The room is only eight feet and a half feet across, and squash rackets are twenty-seven inches long. Add the size of the players to the length of the rackets, and you're left with little in the way of empty space. What space there is, is so far back. There's no net and no neutral corners. To win, you must control the corner and your opponent isn't going to like that. In theory, there should be no physical contact between players. The emphasis should be a polite intent to and out of the middle, each giving the other plenty of room to hit his shots. Besides it being that the theory holds up rather tragically in practice.

It is the strong territorial element of squash that places a high value on force-

ness, and Shari Khan wouldn't have it any other way. He is famous for the extraordinary states he gives opponents between points. The only way to fend off those states is to stay aware of one's own. He has a simple court credo: "Always the hunter, never the hunted." He thinks, thinks, thinks the game. He's not big—8 more five feet eight inches and 155 pounds—but he has a way of gliding the center of the court and making his opponent corner in the corners. It's not mindless, it's not mindless, but the strange and impressive thing about it is that it's a bluff. Khan never actually dares anyone. Squash is based on trust. It has to be, because it's just too easy to bash the other guy. So everyone knows that Khan's mindlessness is a pose-up. What everyone doesn't know is why it still makes opponents crumble.

Not that mere aggressiveness wins squash matches. It's only a vehicle for the deployment of skills and speed. Which brings us to last two about the game. It proceeds at a dizzying pace. The flight of a squash ball is one of the fastest things in sport. It makes a Rex Gentry crooner look like a shaggy TV camera can barely track it. The starts stops and prints are encouraged by the pace of the ball make the movements in terms look like they're happening underfoot.

There are some squash players—and Shari Khan is not one of them—whose feet/bodies are immediately starting. You can see their sides flare as they start a point. You can sense the power in their hanches as they recover from an off-balance and are automatically off to the next point. It's an impressive display, but you will seldom see Shari Khan score to the ball like this, and for a very simple reason. He's already there.

His anticipation is uncanny. The walls of the court seem to talk to him. He knows where his opponent's next shot will be, the way a summer knows where the next blow will fall. And like a summer, he reacts with instantaneous. The ball may be traveling 120 miles an hour, but Khan generally makes it to it. On the occasions when he has to not, he begins dropping his feet. If the ball is low, he leans forward to almost subliminally like a man with a backache. If it's high, he reaches up to uncharacteristically a person stretching with a pain. If it's already past him, he swivel casually, almost to an afterthought, and accepts it off the back wall. These movements all seem impossibly slow, but nine computers by freezing while he's making them.

There's only one part of him that's ob-

HIS simple court credo: "Always the hunter, never the hunted." But winning takes more than aggression.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY KAMRAN

Laurence Shames is New York Times sports columnist, currently at work on his fourth novel.

usually be, and that's his right story. But you might as well say there was one more part of Kanishi, and that was his brain. The writ is superlatively that Henry Aaron's writs were always described as remarkable because Aaron could whip a bat around and slug a baseball about as neatly miles an hour from any angle they may. Kanishi is fond of positioning himself about ten yards from the front wall and slugging back shots that come at him almost ball again at ball. This tactic is so exclusively his that it has come to be known as "Kong Kanishi" the ball. The first effect of a man's superlative draught is that he is able to put his own best ones in his head and his head and his chest steady.

Not that squish is a simple dialect. If it were, Khan's dominance would seriously

WHO PLAYS SQUASH, AND WHERE?

Why juggle the demographic data and try to construct a realistic scenario called the "Royal Squash Player," we came up with an amusing action guide to his early behavior. His life seems definitely been too simple and very likely to graduate as well. His income probably isn't nearly good and he is a constant administrative or a professional. He is probably married but not, very possibly, his children. Chances are he owns the house or apartment he lives in. Research sample, his favorite sports are golf and tennis.

Fortunately, however, the Tipical Salsa Player is in fact happy, and the real salsa players cannot be considered poor or petty. The salsa shows plenty of room for innovation. There are roughly one million salsistas in the United States, one quarter of whom play regularly once a week or more. The players are still divided between private and public clubs, but a taste of those three to me, but the public clubs are passing somewhat to the former, plus the private club. Of the active players, not many more than 10 percent are women—but women comprise at least 25 percent of the new players. Close to 40 percent of all players live in metropolitan areas of one million or more—which means, in effect, in the Northeast. There are roughly 5,000 courts in the country, and a quarter of them have been built within the last ten years.

If you play squash, there is a 15 percent chance that your opponent will be a doctor or a lawyer (but don't let this intimidate you). There is a better than 15-percent probability that he (or she) is keefier than you, for which he works. Elsewhere, in a hundred, he'll be an academic. This shouldn't bother you, unless you are among the 10 percent who are university students. Less than one percent of all squash players are over-60 (but, to be sure, probably still make the tournament).

Over half of all active squash players have played at the game for between four and 10 years, and 15 percent have been at it for sixteen years or more — indicating that there's a lot to learn and that the game is hard to give up once you've started it.

be threatened. There are, however, people playing the game. But there's no one caring.

But the most elegant is this, again because of the space it played in: its isolation, the nobility of the occupation. You can't just blow the ball by your opponent, because the rest will have a way of blowing it right back. You can't hit reds on winners, because there's a no-no zone underneath inches high on the front wall. In short, there's almost no such thing as a quick lock, snazzy point. You've got to trick your man around before you can put him away. This takes patience and an instinctual mastery of solid geometry. The game's a cross between 3-D billiards and classical chess.

The strategic possibilities are endless, but Khan has it down to a simple formula: "You've got to establish a position and break it quickly." This, however, is easier said

ness, especially the "brash & gaudy" part. The more, since started, like on a steady rhythm that imposes itself on the players and that provides a degree of safety of predictability. Tempering with the rhythm is a risky business, like putting a symphony step into a dance that's already dancing you to the hilted. But that's what Kham does, he's a master of the change of pace. In the midst of a winning exchange of drives, he will suddenly that a job. He'll explode a string of powerful drop shots with a screaming cross court. The net result of this subtle criticism is the Kham's opponents are almost always in a hurry to get away from the ball which makes them look and feel inferior. For there, they always seem to be doing that.

qualifying Grand Prix, the Olympics, the Pulitzer and the Adams Coast. There is no major hurdle! championships that has eluded him. Professional squash has gone through a period of remarkable growth, and so new tournaments are instituted. Khan won three. Sponsors call him up to ask when he's free to wall off with their trophies and their money. Last year he is named the fourth major component, alongside the Olympics, the World Cup and the Commonwealth Games. The exact names are hard to come by, but the list is growing. From Squash World, Khan has several match-play records won, both seven and three; one of the losses came in a round robin tournament he'd already won up.

Khan has earned prize money into a scramble for second place, and the names of some of his dominance in his record.

the holder of the record for the longest Goldenrod, a terrifically fit New Yorker with the inured intention of becoming the best in the world. Last year he was the best in a lot of seven times. After Goldblume comes Chris Caldwell, a non-faceted player who almost once makes an error. He beats Goldblumen on occasion but has never beaten a Kiser, though he also had seven times last season's Number One in the rankings in Gordon Anderson, the man with the most disastrous record in squash. On the given day he can take either Goldblume or Caldwell. But he had one given-day against Khan last season. Khan's match record against the first class is better his points was averages and lost.

Three others, it should be said, are all superb squash players. Khan is simply more so.

It's irresistible to contemplate the origins of promiscuity. In the case of Shant Khan, the evidence runs the gamut from heredity in early training to that common, undeniable need to woo.

He was born on November 10 1945 in Peshawar Pakistan into a dynasty. His father Hashim is still generally regarded as the finest squash player in history. Hashim Khan ruled squash from 1960—when, at the relatively age of (at least) thirty-five, he won his first Karachi Open—and until the early 1990s when he finally, and not without a battle royal, yielded place to his left-handed nephew, Mohammad. He then contin-

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"The greatest athlete for his age that the world has ever seen."

Roshan was a hell of a hard act to follow and the dynastic succession did not even pass directly from father to son. There were other achievers who had their heads in the sky: legendary Mohabbul Hashmi's brother Azam and cousin Roshan both later home their share of silver, which included four NAO championships between the two. Throughout the Pines and Sevens, a Khan-*versus*-Khan feud was a contemplation at major competitions. By

but as a way of providing his family with education and respectability. For Hashmi's generation, respectable meant English masters and a Western profession, and so the eleven-year-old Sharf was packed off to the Millfield School, in Somerset, with those choices of career—doctor, engineer, accountant. Arguably, though, he was, Hashmi was a firm believer in Western patriarchal prerogatives and apparently never doubted that his advice would be heeded.

There were, however, certain difficulties and contradictions in the young Khan's

ther from the mainstream life of Millfield, Mendonshire, in the southwest. He was doing quite well in courses that did not relate to medicine, engineering, or accounting. His father, while an unquestionably astute squash player, seems to have been something less than so astute in career counseling. But far better or worse, Millfield did do something for Sharf Khan. It eventually westernized him. By the time he graduated, he had no inkling of the characteristics of a European student as to be completely useless. For a year and a half, he did nothing but ponder the supposedly broader but no more appealing spectrum of choices that his English education afforded him. He decided, at length, that what he wanted to be was a squash player.

He went to Dorset, where his father was then teaching, and assumed the patronage of his plans. Hashmi browbeat, struggled, and proceeded to give Sharf a two-week crash course in the things that were then (and are still) for almost everyone except Sharf's squash-*gen's* breed and better: giving lessons and stringing one quads. It is uncertain whether Hashmi felt he was raising a champion or losing an accountant. But one can't help wondering if perhaps the crafty old fellow knew all along how things would turn out.

Squash being something of a family business, Sharf did not start at the very best time. But one was he calmly regarded as chairman of the board. He still had to climb his way up to the top spot, and it took him several years to do it.

In 1967 and 1968, cousin Mo chased him out in the Open. There are still those who maintain that Mohabbul Khan at his peak had the widest variety of shots and most devastatingly effective player in the game. But by Khan standards, Mo lacked staying power. Bawly shaky, he was slowing down. In the 1969 NAO, he was only the world's second-best player. That wasn't good enough, and the Khan dynasty had a new successor.

The Open was established. Sharf's as champion in the eyes of the world. But there was another victory, a more private one and a more difficult one: that he had to wait another year for a shot at Queen's. His discipline his brilliance, had always seemed a regret rather than a long. The long was still Hashmi. Sharf lost that the long under match conditions in the 1970 North America Open in Chicago.

"It's like Carl," Sharf is fond of saying of the older Khan. The tone is not angry. "What do you say to a living legend?" is another of Sharf's retorts. "I love my father, but he's not the kind of man you can go up to and say, 'Hi, Dad, what's happening?' There's never been good communication between us."

Except on the squash court, where communication took the form of intimate and respectably violent combat. To the unformed observer, that confrontation in 1970 might have seemed a lopsided pairing.



KHAN'S 1969 NAO victory established him as world champion, but his most important personal triumph came a year later. He defeated his father, Hashmi, in regard to his greatest squash player in history, in four games at the 1970 NAO.

the time Sharf came of age, his family had dominated squash for twenty years. There had never been anything like it—"except," as Sharf will say, with the humor that tempers his intense family pride, "maybe in the circus." He took—or, rather, wrenched—the nation from cousin Mo in 1969 and has been running with it ever since.

The heavy part is, Sharf Khan was given specific instructions not to become a squash player. His father, who had grown up poor and stateless in British-occupied northwest India (Pakistan after the partition), viewed squash not as an end in itself

because at Millfield, for one thing, he didn't get speak English, and there were too many young British gentlemen who converted to Public. Not another thing, though Sharf was under orders to think academic, he was riding on an athletic scholarship (Hashmi's grandeur status never having made him rich) and was expected to perform. He did perform, winning the country tournament at the age of thirteen and the British junior amateur championships at sixteen, but the victories only served to cloud his future plans, while his obvious athletic superiority distracted him even further

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regained the Open title. Shortly afterward, Niederhoffer returned to ineffectual

Sherd Khan's career has encompassed, and bled to, everything: a period of amazing growth in the game of squash as every level. At the time he turned pro, there was really no such thing as a pro tour. There were a few pay tournaments, and that was it. You could win them all and still starve. Sherd's father, the living legend, had never been able to give

almost cuban prostate it had always been. But then—only ten years ago—along came a small band of intrepid pioneers with a crazy notion: pay-as-you-play squash courts open to anyone with the cost of an hour's rental. The old guard was outraged. They could foresee the inevitable consequences of commercial squash—a rash of unsavory advertising, a clash of mismatched court attire, the bothersome economic necessity of admitting women. But the entrepreneurs could not be dissuaded. The first

known player, he has an implicit political rise to F.I.U. and his position is the controversy is clear. "The future of squash," he says, "is with the commercial clubs. They've brought the game to more people in five years than the private clubs did in fifty. They're developing the next generation of champions."

There is, of course, a natural alliance (as well as some actual overlap) between the commercial club owners and the pros, but Khan's attitude, while consistent with good business sense, goes beyond it to an almost missionary zeal. He views squash as life enhancing, evolving. Accordingly he goes to extreme lengths to bring the game to people. He tries to fix, but he craves the content of the art to play exhibitions. His intense humanitarianism that might seem beneath his status, whose parties barely cover his expenses. He's a born crowd pleaser and, when the media drops to induce him, he's a sweetheart to work with. "Whenever I'm approached about a tournament or a promotion," he says, "I ask myself two questions: Is it good for me? Is it good for squash? I've been on TV, I've spoken in public. I'd play in the rain if it served a purpose. I'm doing whatever I can, and I wish that more of the pros would do the same."

That old content was as far as Khan would go in chasing his fellow professionals, but the fact is, he's essentially a one-man public relations campaign. He is in search of what Beverly Sills is to opera. It's not that some of the other pros wouldn't like to give the game a boost—it's just been hard to find someone with the requisite blend of tremendous talent and suitable charm. So Khan wants all the hands: professional and showmanship as he goes. "I used to think a pro did only one thing—play matches. Now I realize a pro's job is many-sided. He's got to engage the public, have rapport with the gallery—squash is self-correction and self-maintenance. A pro should work with sponsors, encourage endorsements, do all the things that will broaden interest in the game."

It's easy to stand in the face of all the energy Khan expends promoting squash, to wonder what's in it for him. Clearly, growth of the game will mean bigger payoffs for the pros and bigger profits for the public clubs, two of which Khan partly owns. But he doesn't seem driven to become rich or richer. He wants the larger share of the roughly \$150,000 currently available on the pro circuit, gets the poorest endorsement and exhibition offers, and doesn't really seem to need more than he has. His promotional efforts will probably benefit future pros and he knows it. If there's a selfish element in what he does, it's the desire to become known and appreciated by a larger audience. "I want to be a people's champ," he says, and the implicit reference to Ali is never too casual.

But there's something poignant in that



KHAN promotes squash with almost missionary zeal, but those efforts will mostly serve future pros. What's in it for him? "I want to be a people's champ," says Khan. The implicit reference to Muhammad Ali is not casual.

up-standing prospects. Khan, with no public squash courts in North America, has belonged to the world at all certain private clubs or attended certain prep schools or universities, or you didn't play the game. The game—here rule making in meetings or post-match cocktail parties—was cruciform by a small, entrenched network of good old boys from Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. It was as Khan says, "a closed shop."

The old guard isn't bringing it to the country had little interest in promoting the sport. They rather liked it as the cozy

public courts in North America work up in Mexico in 1970. The boom was on and the number of squash players on this continent has easily tripled in the last decade.

But the growth has not been uncontested. The squash board has spawned something of a squash war, an ongoing and sometimes rather colorful graphic between the private and the commercial clubs for the dividing up of paragonists. It's the old vulgarism-obscenity debate. It comes down to a question about whose game this is.

Sherd Khan thinks it's everybody's game. At the least, it's his and his

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weak, because squash for all its recent growth is far from being a truly popular sport. There are at least a million squashers in the states and perhaps another quarter million scattered around North America. The game is immediately appealing to almost everyone, but has over time it played needs to try it has, hardly anyone who doesn't play it has ever seen it. It is seldom televised, owing partly to technical difficulties and partly to corporate re-

sistance. "Clones, Pakistan" with modern, gleaming references and apparatus—and with astounding displays of physical excellence. It is impossible not to be swept up watching him, and he was content to ease and then from the thin struts of the squashers who have been brought to the match by this side.

He lives quietly, like a dog aggressively like. He bestows moderate affection on a fat cat named Charlie.

HANGING RACQUETS

Moslems will tell you this all an aspect to the condition of man; and squash players will tell you that all racket sports require the condition of man. They will insist that their game is the most demanding in terms of some or the most exciting in terms of hand-eye coordination.

Finally, these claims are true. However, squash does not require any skills or condition that are foreign to the other racket games. If you can hit a tennis ball or a racquetball or a Ping-Pong ball or a shuttlecock, you can get the hang of squash. The following should give you a rough idea of the kinds of adjustments you'll need to make if you take the leap from either tennis or racquetball.

Shotgun. The rule of thumb is that half as long of squash courts is much as a full hour of singles tennis. The ball comes back at you faster, there's more hitting, and you get only short bursts of what's called "backhand" balls. Backhand is far closer to squash in terms of energy expended, but it doesn't provide a quick way of ending points in racquetball, in squash it's the long rallies that really take it out of you.

Head or coordination. There are three factors that determine the difficulty of hitting a given kind of ball with a given kind of racket: the length of the racket, the size of the hitting surface, and the size of the ball itself. Tennis players, of course, are accustomed to using rackets, but they're also accustomed to using the rackets and the theory of a longer "sweet spot." They aren't, at first, to have some difficulty hitting that tiny little ball in the center of this tiny little racket. For racquetballers, the main frustration involves getting used to having the wrong part of the racket too fast away from one's head. Racquetballers often spend their first squash season watching the ball hop over the racket shaft while the racket head lies in the air or crawls against the wall.

Like a squash ball is only elastic for a while, and it can be overstrained. It only seems to destroy physical laws. High concentration, as high becomes inevitable.

The court. Tennis players are generally quite confused the first time they step onto a squash court, and it shows. They're used to having the ball come at them from one direction only, and suddenly it's coming at four—technically all at once. Understanding this understandable fundamental is the first step in mastering squash. Once you begin to grasp it, the straight-line geometry of tennis will seem almost laughably simple.

Racquetballers have very little problem adjusting to a squash court, as they're well accustomed to the pulled effect, hit moments. The only and the first adjustment is to get up from the floor and all that's left.

The stroke. Squash strokes are something of a halfway house between the gracefully looping swings of tennis and the compactly efficient wrist snap of racquetball. Accordingly, tennis players tend to use more arm than is appropriate for squash, and squash players will often find this posture awkward and uncomfortable. One of the three words to take—simply, but not, with a lot of the power generated from the elbow down. The backhand starts high, with the elbow cocked and the racket head close to the arm—yes, as your opponent's. The elbow should stay close to the body. Follow-through should be short and low. If your swing is too fast or too high, your opponent will let you know, very possibly with a cry of pain. —L.S.

It's hard to explain a little better sport. It is given short shrift in print because, since it hasn't been on television, most people don't know what it's about. So Khan proceeds on faith, waiting for the breakthrough. "The game is the best in the world," he says. "It is a great sport."

In the meantime, he has been putting on performances for audiences ranging from several hundred down to a few dozen. He's been playing in the past few years, expressing his intensity, with peeling-up

his chest out to be observed by squash but squash is always there. His apartment is littered with trophies. The one he is proudest of—the silver box commemorating the North American Open, which the Khan has won twenty-four of twenty-five times in several years behind a series of victories. It's been a Khan's possession so long, he hasn't got around to updating it. There are trophies—strong, strong, and heavy—littering the room and the kitchen. The cat has been built for long.

Khan's adopted home is Toronto, and it isn't a coincidence that Toronto has a higher concentration of players and pros than any other city in the hemisphere. Khan, a Muslim, describes it as "the most of squash." Most, but not all, of the city's other sports are his friends. There is among them a lingering respect and just a hint of brotherly, as then always it when friends do the same thing, but some of them do it better. The group often tends toward the city. Their life is sport, and their relationship is the same. Khan does a passionate reverence. Short Khan does a memorable imitation of Norel being interviewed.

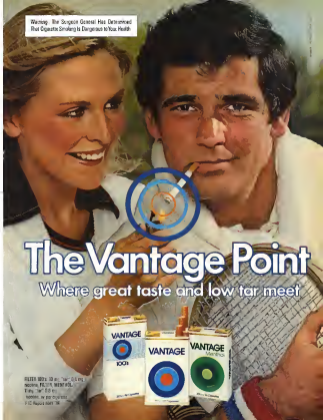
Khan is married to a British wife, from London. Jackie Khan is decidedly not obsessed with squash, she has long been a successful artist, and her favorite sport is tennis. For all their differences, the couple is amazingly affectionate. They call each other "love" (pronounced "love") and "love"—a caution that delights visitors to see. Married four years, they have two lovely children, and Short Khan when the subject of offspring is so much as mentioned. But the promise is a short. Short Khan still stands dynamically.

In any case, the club is not in dire need of his services. He estimates that he has close to fifty athletes playing squash around the world. Close to home he has a dozen younger brothers (as well as five sisters) by his father, some through the same company at the birth of each male child, he says. "He stands at the child's side, gauging its character and intelligence, and then he gives it the same three choices—doctor, engineer, accountant. And every one of us turned out to be a squash player. So with luck I'll be the squash coach to go back to the club."

But competitive as to the succession is generous, because Short Khan is far from relinquishing the throne. Questions as to how much longer he'll stay on top elicit only the usual Eastern shrug. "I'd like to retire while I'm still winning pretty regularly," he says. "But it's hard to stop. I'm proud." And he will have the complete right to his last day in the game. One of the hallmarks of Indian's legend is longevity. Ultimately, excellence consists of cheating time, whether by getting to a ball impossible fast or by being the best for longer than seems possible.

"It would be easier to stop than," adds Short, "when there's a prize ready to take over." But it wouldn't be any over then, even to mother Khan—rightly to another Khan. Part of the glamour of this game is the glamour of the game. It's not just that they're better, but someone makes it absolutely clear. And when someone, better or worse, makes a serious run at Short, there will be some viciousness. A viciousness that is not just a squash match worth seeing. —

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1989 Scout with an extensive 4-step anti-rust process. We galvanize critical welding points. Dip Scout bodies in electrocoat to electronically coat all major body parts. Apply zinc-rich primer to hood, fender and windshield frame. Finally, we call on the steady hand of Bill Resahey, who helps hand spray 320° "hot wax" on inner surfaces to protect them against corrosive road salt.

Quality and security go hand-in-hand. The same built-in quality that is the backbone of our new warranties helps protect you and

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It's a secure feeling of sitting in a vehicle that surrounds you with protective steel. Try and find a car that puts more steel between you and trouble than Scout.

In a Scout you sit higher than a car. A vantage point that lets you see the road ahead more

clearly and avoid trouble more easily.

Then there's our selective 4-wheel drive. It gives you the option of easily shifting from economical 2-wheel drive to 4-wheel drive, for extra stability and traction when the road or the weather looks rough.

How to fight back.

Your International Scout dealer has just what you need to fight back against the compromise of ordinary car warranties and ordinary care in general.

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Anything less is just a car.



Photo: © Russ Chatham

SMILING ARTIST. AND WHY NOT?
LANDSCAPES ARE BETTER THAN MONEY.

BECAUSE WE live in flower country, we try to figure out what is going to show up by subscribing to magazines. Recently I was surprised to see, in a famous art publication, great attention directed to paintings of amiable, pastel forms. Another issue displayed a large, shadowless landscape. A passionate collector explained colored space suits to me once and for all.

The only painter I know very well is one of my best friends, and he lives up at the top of the creek upon which my ranch is located. I own a number of his paintings. Most of them are landscapes: powerful evocations of Montana, full of light, shapes, and ideas ruled by the most dignified style. His name is Russell Chatham.

I thought of Russ as I read about the painted brain paintings. Presumably, the shadowless landscape troubled me more than the others. I felt it was keeping companions of art from buying my friend's paintings, and, moreover, interfering with his life on the frontier empire, which the rest of the world dreamt merely to cash register taxes and credit ranches. Why was Russ being singled out? Why was that former agent?

One thing that might be considered is that the habit of trading and events in Montana. Whether this is a relic of the old West, the Depression, or a reluctance of learned job opportunities, I couldn't say. But ranchers couldn't operate on their land (usually one-thirtieth work farms) if they couldn't trade services and commodities. I must be big, were for water, a mile for a TV, horsebacking for truck repairs. Montana's bartering habits are such that when cattle shipping finally arrived, it should have a vigorous lease—a wife for a dream of death, a husband for a courthouse or a good business school.

I recently traded a riverboat, a trailer, and a pair of cars for a small lot. Chatham plans to take the lot to British Columbia

Big Sky, Big Swaps

Montana artist Russell Chatham barbers his paintings of the purple range for horses, cows, and magicians

BY THOMAS MCGUANE



WRITER MCGUANE
BY PAINTER CHATHAM.

belated one of his five cars, an incredible ghost fleet of multifarious low riders that will prove the golden rule: horses of Montana in search of mythical lands, the painter balances a can of Great Falls Select and tries to figure how to get money out of the flying bean people. Only today he has real glowing notions of a show in Berkeley housing unwanted cows. Our can is hot around the roller. The landowners of the Montana desert in post-1960s life, angry eyes. He tells the can until he can no longer see the head of his speeding donkey.

As I said it, curvilinear outlines, but it is a painting that you can describe in detail, accurately. There is a body of horses, the supermodels, for instance, attempting completely describable paintings. Modernism has grown roughly. The last reader of the high great face of nature in the territory is the attitude that the viewer leaves nothing of a painting's meaning or only and exactly what he is ordered to know. The viewer is the fully perpetually shot in the heart.

Thomas McGuane lives in Montana, writes novels, and travels.

But before I expose myself to a vaporous demand for my credentials, let us know a look at how a screen poster survives, your other year, in Livingston, Montana, a railroad and cattle town with a few hotels and a dozen or so bars.

First of all, the bars are there to help us with the long winters and unpleasant reviews. The Wrangler Bar on West Park, facing the three-story-old railroad station, is a good place to look at Chatham. He has one landscape and house two crowded to line up a view with the post office. However, he sometimes sits at a table in a corner, waiting around the table with a two-pot stick and moving his drink only to make a shot. He wears a huge nose-glass, a corner that you might mistake with the head of people who roll behind post or who drive selected taxis in Vancouver, painting out Christmas to tourists. Bob Burns owns that bar. He is a generous and charming man who, with his family, owns a town Chatham paintings. Mary Beth Burns, a daughter, was once shooting post. The others were gifts, but we cannot rule out his tale and the specter of bartering.

When I decided to go around the area to look at some of the paintings Chatham had done over the last decade, I thought first of my neighbors Wilbur and Doris Lambert. They have been here all their lives and typically a minority of economy bank-breaking farmers-ranchers, contemptuous of the cowboy myth.

When I got to the Lamberts', Wilbur had been digging some gravel for one of his projects and found an old Indian dinner party—a young buffalo's skull, charred bones cracked for the marrow, and a neatly cleaned skull. There were bits of sticks scattered with the bones.

We went inside and looked at the paintings: one was a mysterious little gray landscape with a darker expressionist

An
article of a bear,
a dancing bear, a bear
whose heart belongs to the
Sixties, whose soul craves
freedom's open
road

URSUS MAJOR

FICTION BY ROBERTA SMOODIN

THE BEAR dances on the bar top with bear abandon, an animal wish to be liked, and an artist's lack of self-consciousness. Wearing a red-and-yellow-striped clown brouce of some stiff material around his neck and shackles on his hands and feet, the bear dances the Frug, the Swim, the Freddie, the Mashed Potato, the Jerk, the Monkey, the Shuffle, and even a little of the Twist (which might strike him as a trifle too passé, because he swings his bulky body low into a sinuous Twist and comes up in an arm-waving Monkey or Swim, the twisting no more than a bridge, a connecting part of the continuing dance: this is a Sixties bear, a bear rooted in the musical tradition of the English invasion of mop-haired groups, of Chubby Checker, and of the Beach Boys, a bear unwilling to learn the new dances, which frequently demand a partner). He is the only bear Ray and Joy own, and they make little enough of him that they must consider obtaining a partner, convincing him to be stuck in his own particular time warp, dancing an bar top for indifferent patrons, for shares and nickels and all the gas and torque Joy and Ray can drink. For weeks of lost love is poignant to the bear as his lost dances: as all best acts, like clunking mannequins or writing covers as wedding events lost in some new city and never loved again as streetlights wane and some unknown section of town dawns upon Ray and Joy and the bear sleeping in the back of their swerve Ford van. Ray played drums and Joy rode a motorcycle before they found the bear and began their wandering trade, invocations they were pleased to give up in defiance to the bear's greater artistic merits and to the clunking of the drums, which left them feeling empty and uncertain.

A woezy drunk sat tap at the bar pinto as the fuzzy bear on the bear's left foot as the bear strains upward on his toes in a hip-swaying, rope-climbing move next, the drunk leans to make eye contact with the bear as he pulls the bear's last hair, but the bear's neck and back arch, his brown and black eyes close, he is Dancing Drunks

are always trying to determine whether this is indeed the genuine article or only a man in a bear suit yanking a patron for two things: liquor and rockily, the latter of which they can feel mightily slipping away from them, much as one can watch a train receding from view as a station, a level one's head growing smaller, smaller as it continues to wane from a train-car window, and the man the latter slips away, the more they sweat in the charms of the lantern, a relationship they pursue with acoustic intent and seek to pursue further in other aspects of life, the identity of a dancing bear, for example, usually by giving out some portion of him, his bear, in ear, his black, most rose

"We better get him out of here," Ray mutters, and he and Joy begin to collect the quarters, dimes, nickels scattered over the bar top and to down the remainder of their drinks. Then Ray leans upon the bar next to the bear and attaches a red leather leash to his clown collar. The bear stands almost motionless upon his back legs for a moment, quivering as slightly that the ropes jangling at his ankles seems the sound of faraway again vibrating messages to one another through the empty valves void of space; then he slumps over into his all-beers posture



This is a bear who has seen Easy Rider, a bear tuned in to the cosmic music of marijuana. Joy inhales the joint and exhales, again and again, on the bear's nose.

My Night as a Beer Guy

A fantasy of fellowship by Lee Eisenberg

It is early evening, and I am standing outside the Racquet Club on Park Avenue, staring wistfully in search of a foe. Three young and handsome men, sturdy and trim, dressed guys with the stimp of Dartmouth approach me from behind. Two of them grab me beneath my shoulders and with a "Hup hoo!" toss me up in the air. The third takes my backside and grabs my leg. He shakes at the way a man is supposed to, not a fish headshake at all. Then he catches me spinning scale and swears me in for a couple of games of squash. To be followed by a few beers, maybe dinner, some falling asleep, a bit of jiggling, the kinds of things good friends do.

So Nolan, Ashford, and Reed carry me off. I marvel at their fine straight noses and every tooth as even as piano keys. We splash squash balls till our cheeks are sweaty. We slap our backs with towels and settle down at the bar for a couple of cold ones. Nolan tells Reed about the wife over Reed's eye, the result of a recent cross-court smash off Nolan's necktie. The groveling Reed, his tuxedo loosened, raises his mug and bellows "Red! what are friends for?" Nolan, Ashford, and I break up—not recklessly, mind you, but a Hugs-a-lug sort of breaking, a few low, sincere groins, and that's that. The three good pals laugh when one of them says something that's not only funny but true.

At dinner, there's no back and forth about what to order, five of the biggest appetizer sticks and the joint and last guy wins. They are still far bigger endowments and more bony and yacery. When it comes time to do the bill, Nolan, Reed, and I spring a varnish on Ashford, who plans to be married in a couple of weeks. "The dinner on us," says Nolan, reaching to pump Ashford's hand. "Nolan's generous," I tell. "Yes!" Reed roars. "We, I was lucky to get a meal!"

We slap our knees. Then there is advice as each of us contemplates the meaning of life, the nature of happiness, the joys of friendship. Slowly, Ashford looks into our

expectant faces. I think, I know, he breaks back a tear. Raising his bottle high, Ashford tells us, "You three guys are the greatest guys in the world!" A pause. "You really are."

Next thing I know, we are pulling up our collars in the moonlight—in Nolan's, reform Jerry. Sometime during the night—I don't remember exactly what—we had dangled into flannel shirts, fishing vests, and Ogarlets. The drive was long, but the guys are so fresh and confident as spaced guys.

"We are gonna get us some trout," Nolan yelps, holding his hands about twenty-four inches apart.

"What, and break the record?" Ashford replies, holding his thumbs and index finger three inches apart.

It takes a few moments to stop reeling from that one. As soon as we can, we go inside to check for provisions. Anyone else would consider it a major cache, but to four happy squatters, the refrigerator holds a beautiful feast, a six-pack of beer, both. Nolan of the guys. The beer, it turns out, has been left by one of Ashford's other buddies, who is presently absconding seven business. Ashford hands each of us a bottle and starts rolling his eyes behind me.

"Paul, good look, wherever you're doing right now, I mean you to know what a great friend you are. A super friend! I love you a lot!" We clink bottles to Paul, wherever he is, wherever he does.

We finish. We push. "Hey, Nolan, you ever not be a great defendant, but you sure are, too, a saint!" We yagkag paths lined with wild flowers. "Reed, let's go the whole nine miles. If you make it, the beer's on me!" At night, we sit out on the patio, gazing at the stars. We talk about the impossibility of life without friendship.

"Guys," one of us says, though all of us are thinking the same thing, "this experience tonight has been the most terrific experience I've ever had. Really terrific!" Before buzzing down, we drop to our knees. We think we like to be friends to go to camp schools. We think. The Jesus

League for its long-legged women. We think Brooks Brothers for stretched Leofers suit, while we're at it, Rene Lacoste for slinger shirts. And last but not least, we think one another for being such good friends.

Because, let's face it, we're average. We are four green guys doing stuff together. We are a fraternity, a band of brothers, a pack. Yes, there are other groups of guys who get together for a few, hearty ones at the end of a tough day, but we're different. We're forever, not tomorrow. Financial matters, not first lighters. The glad moments are from L. J. Reas, not Louis's Army and Navy. We're good in a pool. Prozacists in a pool, not a grab bag of blacks and whites, Poles, Italians, Greeks, and Ukrainians. Beer guys like that are held together by their risk, needn'ted jobs. We're held together by class, shared cultural and intellectual interests. I mean, we're special.

Nolan's legs sleep in front of my house, and I get out. I turn to the guys, and they wave to me. I watch them drive up a hill, and when they reach the top, a few, blaring sun rays to meet them. The guys are now framed against the sky. It's a fitting end to a glorious time.

Other guys are returning from other beer conferences. I see them walking in pairs and in larger groups, their leather jackets slung over their shoulders. Loggers, Pipeline workers, Cameraman, Farmers. Guys coming home from their trip camps, swimming away in a gray, gray night. As Nolan says, we ought to be grateful we can spend our time going to Ranger guides at the Garden, digging there, making thinking our date for sending us through life school. Nolan says that we should be thankful, that it doesn't matter how long you are just as long as you are comfortable.

Nolan, I say to myself, you're a genius. My night as a beer guy is over. My life as a beer guy is over. And it was everything I always wanted in a male-bonding experience. And last.

Lee Eisenberg is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine.



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MACAULAY

WE HEAD off together for a couple of cold ones.

The PACIFIC/ORIENT

STILL THE GREATEST TRAVEL EXPERIENCE

A JOURNEY TO the Far East was once reserved for the leisure class. Now that the rare sights are easily accessible, the trip is both posh and practicable



CHINA: The 1840 globe trotter saw China from the comfortable—well, not all that comfortable—perch of a sedan chair. Sedans were used to negotiate the hills and narrow lanes where no kias could go. Americans arriving in China from the West Coast saw Shanghai first, visiting the last twelve miles up the Yangtze River by tender. Though one writer found Shanghai "filthy, dark, close, noxious, squishy, underfoot and full of the stungled Chinese perfume of food, fish and opium," China was a must on the itinerary of most of the world travelers. And Thomas Cook was the way to go—\$620.00 in 1963. Bicycles are the favored companion today (left), and until tourism is so even tied with better transportation and more hotels, the People's Republic will remain a specialized curiosity trip—\$2,290 or more for seventeen to twenty-one days.



TAHITI: Taking time out from breakfasts and dust bowl passengers on the SS City of Los Angeles put on a Tahitian ball on a South Pacific cruise in 1934. With transportation service still a couple of years away, Tahiti was a remote, exotic place known to most people only through Gauguin's plummy, dusky visions. Twenty years earlier, the poet Rupert Brooke spent three months on the island (returning in England on the eve of the war) and found that Gauguin had "grossly maligned the ladies... They're goddesses." Today's visitors, many of them bound for the Club Meds on nearby Moorea and Bora Bora (right), fly down from Los Angeles on the right-and-a-half-hour nonstop of Air New Zealand and U.S. Both Club Meds and most other hotels in French Polynesia house the customers in approximations of the Tahitian thatch roof here.





JAMES: BETTMANN ARCHIVE

BORNED: Anyone who planned a trip all the way to Borneo a half century ago didn't just ruminate around the closet for jungle gear; obviously there was a visit to *Alpena* market. To this day, the neo has not lost its indigenous allure, and the thing to do once you're there hasn't changed either. Take a canoe up a river in a longhouse. One such journey leads up the Skrang River through towering jungle to a native longhouse where tan tribesmen welcome all callers and perform a highly unchoreographed dance if they're in the mood. Borneo, one of the world's largest islands, is partly Malaysian, partly Indonesian, and also includes the British-protected sultanate of Brunei. Oil-rich Brunei, with jungle on one side and white sand beaches on the other, still has little poverty or political strife. Its capital, Bandar Seri Begawan, sits on a wide, lovely river.



SOUTH KOREA: Seoul's splendid gardens were as hunking to this 1894 Mademoiselle Butterfly (above) as they are to visitors almost a century later. In the heart of soaring downtown Seoul, the century-old palaces and their landscaped gardens continue to live, quiet, classical lives. Kyongbok Palace (right), built before 1400, destroyed by Japanese invaders in 1895, and rebuilt in the last century, still has its wondrous ten-story white pagoda. One of the city's modern architectural curiosities is the new thirty-eight-story Lotte hotel. Its owner, a prominent Korean industrialist, sought to incorporate his favorite international flourishes, so the entrance is done with the same sandstone used on the Taj Mahal gates and the lobby is modeled after that of Tokyo's Imperial Hotel. Outside Seoul, a growing tourist attraction is the five-hour tour of Panmunjom.



TOP: BETTMANN ARCHIVE

PHOTO: BETTMANN ARCHIVE



PHILIPPINES: After a five-week Pacific crossing, passengers were overjoyed to see the Stars and Stripes flying over Manila harbor, the new American possession. Travelers still visit San Agustin Church (above), where the hat, water, once blood, and take hydrofoil tours to Corregidor, "The Rock," where Filipino and U.S. troops held out in vain against the Japanese in 1942.



NEW ZEALAND: Nothing changes in this tight little South Pacific island. They were playing lawn golf in white trousers of Rotomanga Government Gardens in 1920 and they're doing the same today. South Island may have the more dramatic scenery, but Rotomanga, on North Island, remains a favorite resort. The thermal baths are still popular, and people still come to see the ponds of boiling mud and the steaming geysers and to take in Maori concerts and frolics. Maori performers use no musical instruments, but at the peak of the haka war dance, they screw up their eyes and wag their tongues for emphasis. Also on the North Island tour are the Waitomo Caves, home of the Waitomo glowworms. In a darkened cavern, thousands of the *Arachnocampa luminosa* worm their heads, blue-green light attractant, feed. The hungrier the worm in the lighter the light.



AUSTRALIA: They called it "Beach the Beautiful," the Flagstaff of the Pacific, where Bondi presided. "Bondi etc."—Bondi (left, 1931) was an other natural beauty for day, sun and surf. In the 1920s and 1930s, millions flocked to the beach. Despite visiting sharks and enormous rip tides, the surfing crowds were in safe hands. The married Bondi Surf Bathers' Life Saving Club, the first surf lifeguard service ever formed in 1906, vigilantly patrolled the choppy waters. Their reality shows their skill on Bondi Surfers, February 16, 1916, when towering waves gulfed 300 swimmers into a desperate channel. All but five were rescued. The life-saving club still patrols Bondi Beach's 150-meter main shore from Sydney. The beach is also noted for the real, but it's been closed up in recent years, and remains a magnet on left-Doer beach days.



INDIA: Kipling, Kipling, and Miss Quested are long gone, but the Indians live on. In the hillside, Ashoka's Palace (above) has long since changed its face. In 1920, his head on elephant while India's musicians trail along playing their sitars in time to the animals in their game. In *A Passage to India*, Miss Quested and her friends mounted an elephant for the fatal ride to the Marabar caves. "Then the head rose in two shattering movements, and poised them ten feet above the plain. Immediately below was the sound of life that an elephant always collects round its feet—villagers, naked babies. India in those days was a major goal of all globe trotters, mainly because of the madman, along the Ganges River still an awesome part of the Indian—and the human—experience, the city of Calcutta is the intellectual hub of the subcontinent."

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BY TARI

A WEEK IN NEW YORK

How to make time for karate, boating, nighty disco, and the best parties in town

OH! DEAR! In London I live such a quiet life. Lunch at Ben's, my club where night-time contemporary takes like Rex, Shalala and the Prince of Wales were when they weren't gulating. Or at the Bar, yet another club I belong to, which makes up for dinner food with a bang, a decent building, and certainly membership (which tends to be normal, less-leverish on until the following evening, and then, more often than not, it's time for dinner at a friend's house as a Mark's followed by going to the Apollo. The evening usually ends with a cocktail during it. Another's And even some conversation. That's what I do the first three days of the week. On Thursday I start sweating with a working lunch in the offices of the Spectator, the political weekly I write a column for and Friday is spent at Brookline (the so-called literary one) or on a date to working for The weekend, all of course, is for me to sit in the country.

Returning to New York after a long stay in London can, however, be traumatic. In New York, the pace is quicker, the more hectic and it is difficult for me to fit everything in. There is an account of a week I recently spent in New York.

Monday, Alvin in town as I had I had for the truck around Central Park museum. Two times around in less than thirty minutes, which is running, not jogging. After that, I change to the apartment I share with Alexander Schomberg, an Austrian painter who, while not well liked, is over here in really a royal bachelorette although you would never tell it by her address. She usually believes in democracy and similar subversive institutions.

Lighted by her presence, I rush off to lunch with Gustav Agnelli at 730 Park Avenue. Agnelli Agnelli in Paris chairman and a great photographer, visiting in town. For one thing he has a magnificent and quick and can actually speak about subjects other than business, like customers



right but respecting only their own. I work out for about an hour with Mr. Man-servant, doing just sit-ups, sit-ups, sit-ups, and punches. Then I work out the punching bag, going some from, shower and feel ready for Lee Richardson's dinner. He means that I'll be in, as their will be some surprise meals.

Live lines on upper Fifth Avenue in the land of holding she is accustomed to living in. The other distinct guests are Andrew and Mrs. Young, Joan Winters, the publisher of Rolling Stone magazine, and his wife, Jane, the daughter of the late John and his wife, Mary. Also, Alexander and Anthony. Then Gustav, the New York magazine writer who is well known among the smart set, for his command of the English language and his propensity for passing out before dinner rather than during or after it. I've been warned not to start anything, and the dinner goes smoothly. I am seated next to Mrs. Young

who politely tells me that she thinks Americans are not so much but Americans are. I laugh and point out to her that of course Europeans are a favorite. There is no race problem in Europe simply because there are so few blacks. Andrew Young is charming, not at all arrogant, but he betrays not a small amount of racism when he asks me if Martin Luther King has a chance of becoming the prime minister of Great Britain. I tell him that unlike Americans, who take political statements seriously, the Greeks—although they have been known to elect a clown to the crown they call Periklis—will never be led by a public person who is as glib as Andrew Young. Young's reaction, however, is to look at me and shake his head. This is a man who's supposed to know what's going on.

After dinner I go to my favorite disco, Kismet, and listening of the people, including some New York and some New York. I have seen these three months ago. We're then back to go home as all that

ILLUSTRATION: GORDONIAN ARTS



In a modern shopping complex you bought a camera only to photograph something as old as time.

For 2 months of the year, the holiday season is right there only to return to the white sandy beaches of Terengganu between May and September. This is one of the 13 states in the world where giant leatherback turtles come to lay their eggs.

Measuring anything up to 10 feet and sometimes even weighing over 1,000 lbs, the female leatherback turtle comes ashore in the night. The egg laying event, also called leatherback turtle night, is a must-see event of Terengganu.

Yet in nearby cities and towns, there exists another attraction equally modern and fascinating. In Terengganu, you can visit the historic island of Jaka, which is one of the most beautiful islands in Malaysia.

This is the island that is Malaysia. Come witness a spectacle as old as yesterday and as new as tomorrow here, in Malaysia.

It's all here MALAYSIA

Terengganu is in the East Coast Region, one of the four holiday regions of Malaysia.

For further information contact: Director (Chemicals) Malaysia Tourist Information Center, 3rd Floor, Transamerica Tower Building, 488 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco, California 94118. Tel: (415) 980-2344. Telex: TDC San Francisco 255443. • TDC, Monterey Division (Chemicals), 1000 Highway Avenue, Monterey, California 93940. Tel: (408) 941-1111. • TDC, Monterey Division (Chemicals), 1000 Highway Avenue, Monterey, California 93940. Tel: (408) 941-1111. • TDC, Monterey Division (Chemicals), 1000 Highway Avenue, Monterey, California 93940. Tel: (408) 941-1111.

BY DAVID BUTWIN

FAR EAST FLIGHT PLANS

How to get to the Pacific/Orient when you can't take the slow boat

NEVER MIND that the risks are almost obsolete in Hong Kong that the venerable Hakekaka Hotel in Honolulu is about to be torn down, or that a Holiday Inn with stream-side shopping malls and Windows (Internet) can be found in the Midway island of Hawaii. The countless stretches from Diamond Head to New Delta mean an unbelievable and exciting ride as they race to the Thomas Cook globe trader of 40 or seventy-five years ago (see page 100). In those days, of course the route to the far east world the Reding called east of Asia was by steamship, probably a P & O steamship, although many seasoned travelers preferred the less predictable North German Lloyd saloon passengers were free to load their outposts out on deck on sunny tropical nights.

Today, most people travel by jet liner, increasingly by the new long-range 747s, which fly only weekly faster than sound jets but it's still a long time because they make fewer stops. If the mainline traveler has been reluctant to follow the Pacific and Orient, it has been the cost of getting there and the time of arrival, that has kept him away. Later, there has been a breakthrough in air fares. Singapore Airlines, highly trained flying with Cathay Pacific and Thai International among business travelers on the Far East expanded its long range last August—1989 round trip from San Francisco to one of our main, including Singapore, Manila, Tokyo, and Seoul, with free stopovers in Honolulu and Hong Kong. Regular San Francisco-Singapore round trip fare is \$1,499. Philippine Airlines announced its new long-range 747 round trip from New York to Manila (rounded you back down to twenty-one days, already. If that sounds steep compared with Pacific Lines's costs, remember that the on-huge between New York and Manila is now a half price as it is between New York and London.

But the arrival back in the western Pacific, with routes to Hong Kong, Seoul, and Singapore, is pushing an advance-pa-



class \$700 round trip from Los Angeles to Hong Kong. Continental, now working as it will all the way to Australia, introduced an indirect \$900 ticket from Los Angeles to Honolulu. Thai Pacific American Airlines, Auckland, now fly to Tokyo on the older carrier and back up via Fiji and Honolulu to Los Angeles. Its price is up to \$795, including now because of fuel costs. But it's still a hot ticket. I could hardly find a seat to Thailand last fall when UTA, the French carrier that serves back Africa and the South Pacific, came out with a special fare of \$450 round trip from Los Angeles to Papeete, good for six to twenty-five days if you fly at least a period before at \$450 and up. If there is a catch, in these days is with budget airline offers, it is that the \$450 ticket was available from December through March, the warmest, most time of year in Tahiti. As the weather improved, the price increased. Though not unduly, \$500 during the spring and summer months (perhaps the best time to go) and \$700 during Easter week and the July through August school peak.

There's nothing and able to pay can now bed-down outposts of the long Pacific cross-roads. Singapore Airlines, the Air, Japan Air Lines, and Philippine Airlines have installed berths, or sleeperettes, in their first-class lounges, not exactly a revolutionary step when you consider that Pan

Am had pillow berths for its customers when it introduced passenger service on the Pacific in October 1985. That Martin M-100 flying boat took fifty six hours and twenty-two minutes from San Francisco to Manila, with stops at Honolulu, Midway, Wake, and Guam. Round trip fare was \$1,430; today it's \$1,499 plus a surcharge for the bunk on some routes.

There will be increased activity on Pacific shipping lines if two fledgling companies go ahead with plans to introduce service from the West Coast to Hawaii. It isn't to see the Eastern ship sailing to Honolulu. There should always be a way to Hawaii by ship, just as there should always be a Catalina to San Francisco and a B

from to Venice. I am not thinking of the cruise lines that call on Honolulu on their weekly Pacific or round-the-world schedules. I am talking about regular Hawaii-to-California service, the kind where a person can come West for sea in Deborah Kerr's *From Here to Eternity* and look at the waves as Diamond Head rises into the distance. A Seattle company has bought the SS United States, once the fastest ship on the North Atlantic, and plans to put it on a California-Hawaii international schedule. Carlos Cordero Lines has donated into Royal Hawaiian Cruise Lines, bought the old SS Monarch, and intends to sail it from California to Honolulu, where it will do a series of seven one-week international cruises before sailing back to California to begin the September season.

Another way to travel the long road from Wake to Honolulu is by budget round-the-world airway, which is a handful of years are now offering. With Pan Am's Round the World in 60 Days (see GL12), economy seats), you can stop in Honolulu, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, and Delhi. But if you want from the Pan Am system to have a drink at Raffles Hotel in Singapore, or to pick up a loving couple in Manila, there is an added cost. Singapore Airlines and TWA provide a just \$1,000 round-the-world begins their routes connecting us

One-Stop World Tour.



Sug back into a world where ancient island legends began in the Moon villages in Rotuma. You can also visit a giant-filled thermal wonderland as you glide through a glowworm grotto or fish for record trout in a mountain lake.

You will find almost everything you'll need around the world to enjoy just by moving around New Zealand. Start with the sub-tropical beaches of the North Island, scenery endless views of golden sand and warm blue sea.

Hidden beaches tucked into soft grass hills that seem so full of forever are yours to explore. But you may have to share the road with a flock of roosting sheep.

Hidden beaches tucked into soft grass hills that seem so full of forever are yours to explore. But you may have to share the road with a flock of roosting sheep.

In the dramatic Northwest, you'll discover amazing waterfalls, rain forests, wooded islands and the quiet beauty of Milford Sound. This overseas spectacle is so much more than just mountains peaks.



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It must be so much the world in our country. Please send me more details about New Zealand.

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New Zealand

the West Coast and in Europe. Air India and Narayan Dutt have made a similar coupling, charging \$6,000 for a minimum of twenty-two days, a maximum of eight days, and a maximum of four stops. They meet up in Japan and Hong Kong.

Though there are package tours to the Orient that include a swing through the South Pacific on the way back, the firm at least doesn't claim that can get you to all the Pacific and Asian parts of your dream. Unless, that is, you book a round-the-world cruise with General, Holland America, or Royal Wijk—and who has more than eighty days, at least \$10,000, and enough patience to wait for the ship to get to all the Pacific and Asian parts of your dream. Unless, that is, you book a round-the-world cruise with General, Holland America, or Royal Wijk—and who has more than eighty days, at least \$10,000, and enough patience to wait for the ship to get to all the Pacific and Asian parts of your dream.

NEW YORK—DELTA: There is no way to return without a layover in Tokyo, but probably the least stressful route is by the daily Air India 747 that flies to Delhi or Bombay, then takes a week with only one stop—London. The remaining three days of the week, the flight makes several stops on

the Continent, adding to the eighteen-hour trek. Then travel in India is inexpensive, especially if you buy a fifteen-day Indian pass for \$120 with no extra charge for stopovers. Or you can fly off over the subcontinent with a December India tour on Indian Airlines, \$300 for three days. Head first for Agartala and the Trip Mahal, which this year can be seen under a full moon on March 2 and 30, April 24, May 20, June 28, July 29, August 26, September 24, October 24, November 20 and December 20. Some people join their entire trip around the house plans, and in fact the Trip is open until midnight four days before and after each full moon, until 11:00 p.m. after nights. If you visit after the spring house festival—when, as E. M. Forster noted in *A Passage to India*, "hundreds of thousands of men" should escape to cooler Kashmir and stay in a stationery house on the edge of the lake. Or take a house further up the valley, where sheep-herders still call the fatty Kashmir sheep with accents.

DELHI—PARADISE: In Delhi, the next stop is Paradise. Beyond is a stage set for *Good Housekeeping*, wrote from Singapore that she missed the easy amenities one found in Peking, Shanghai, and other ports. "There is no hair-dresser's where you can have your hair water-washed

no sleep where you can buy cleaning fluid for white hot sheets..." But she was taken by Singapore's "stunning beauty and quiet charm." By the coasted river lie the open markets and houses. Still a century later Singapore has done a complete turn about. All the amenities, indeed all the hotel chains, are there, but none of the quiet charm is gone. Thanks to the cleanup campaign of Lee Kuan Yew, the prime minister. Still, Singapore is safe for explorers wandering and almost unwatched even by Hong Kong standards for shopping. And Raffles Hotel still stands, nearly two years old but recently swept up. Order the house-crisp, a Singapore dining, and read out the choice of five Asian cuisines I am about to recommend. Or take them both.

SINGAPORE—TOKYO: Board the Royal Viking Star when it docks at harbors in September in the middle of a five-day, Danes China cruise out of California. The Star spends five days in Japan, docking also at Kobe so you can get to Kyoto to see the temples, gardens and gardens. After leaving the island Sea, the Star sails to Shanghai. This is the quick, clean way to do the People's Republic. Star does to view the houses and farms, cuisines, cultural centers, and cuisines—and still sleep in your air-conditioned cabin right. Hong Kong, the next stop on this seven-

teen-day segment may be phasing out its rich and historic junkies (which are mostly maintained now), but the old stage of the steam engine is still alive. Award Victoria Peak cross the harbor before on the Star Ferry, hop a double to Macao have tea in the Peninsula Hotel, pretending that the pretty man had hidden by the petal pool in Sydney Government and not your elegant lady. Milwaukee. When the Royal Viking Star calls at Manila, pick up and check out the old Manila Hotel, which was recently restored and expanded by presidential decree. It has a fine marble and wood lobby, a better on every floor. For \$300 a night, you can have the view that General MacArthur occupied in 1945. Tour the far-flung island country that boasts of being "the only English-speaking nation in Asia" and prepare to explore a different Asian world by ship.

MANILA—SINGAPORE: From late October to mid April, Holland America's little 375-passenger *Premonition* does service, and handles the cruises out of Singapore through Malaysia and Indonesia. On the five-day leg you learn north to Peking, the beach-head Malaysian resort islands, then to Brunei, Sabah, and the role of Asia, where natives are said to jump over their own eight-foot coral to visit, to Baku, and finally to Bali, which despite

modern incursions of chain hotels and Amsterdam discounts is still "the meaning of the world." Everything in Bali is an art form, even the shimmering, terraced rice fields and the ancient directional signs at jungle crossroads.

BENHAR—PERTHE: Twice a week, Quanta flies from the Tahiti capital to Australia's busy western port city. Spend a day among the rugged individualities of the coast of Australia with sandpiper, then catch the four-times-a-week *Andean Flyer*, a transcontinental sleeper that cruises to Sydney in twelve hours, stopping at Melbourne, Port Pirie, Port Augusta, and Broken Hill. If you haven't much time, concentrate on New South Wales, the oldest most populous and varied of the six states. It has new tapes in the center of New Zealand Alps in the south and Sydney, with its varied open spaces, its leading Kew Gardens section, and spectacular from November to April its white-hot Bush Bush.

SIDNEY—CHESHIRE: If you have time to choose between New Zealand's North and South islands, take the wilder south. South, which covers half the mainland. Fly to the base of Mount Cook and take the four-hour Grand Circle to a small place filled with picturesque views. You might see

the South Island, of the 32,349-foot mountain on the west Tasman Glacier. An other special is your journey to the twenty-five-mile drive into the heart of forest country from Te Anau to Milford Sound.

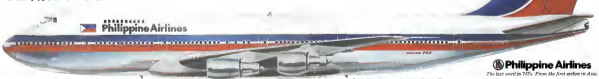
AUCKLAND—PERTHE: Give the island of Tahiti just enough time for you to see the Gauguin museum or to buy a few bottles of perfume. Then light out for Moorea (only a seven-minute flight) or better yet, the reef-enclosed *Te Pahi*. James MacArthur called Moorea the most beautiful island in the world. There's a small hotel (only a row of thatched huts) that charges only \$24 per person a night—a party, an exquisite French Polynesian. It's called *Moorea*, and it's straight out of *Tales of the South Pacific*, which MacArthur watched while serving there during the war.

Then to end this, but it's time to end this. As New Zealand flights to Los Angeles. There are other island groups, north and south, but the Pacific is a vast place, north and south. The airlines find the governments they represent not making itself hopping over more difficult. Between Asia and the Pacific, you can no longer fly directly between Papua and Honolulu. Direct flight to the Pacific and Orient are still unblockable. **DAVID AND PATTY** is a syndicated feature for The Christian Science Monitor.

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Our 747's are the latest.



one of a woman I met at a publishing reception, a cork from a wine bottle. The wine had left several gouges of Stinson's. Matt Thack chewing tobacco. Stinson's eyes behind I bit up into little pieces and spit out, a rubber dome shoe, a box of Borden's butter, the end of a knife, the heel of a woman's shoe in a corner, postcards, a couple of Q-tips, the tips of a former girl friend who was in town for a convention, the jacket of a robe. Walker moved, scooped some balls and a shoe, to name a few of the first items that came to mind and raking out some of the more interesting things. And all you know, and every one "sawed wood."



LEGENDS OF OUR TIME

Blow It Off, Bart

BURT REYNOLDS was on the Tonight show twelve ago and showed off what one might call his persona, that persona of self-destruction and inside outcasts for which he has become so celebrated. Girls in the audience began booing and whistling minutes before there came courage, and when he did he carried a fear-foot-long stage-prop sword, which he tossed behind the legendary Tonight show couch before he sat down, washed it in the drink, raised an eyebrow at the camera, and turned to the suburban host. David Stribling.

In the past we've spared the job of giving our readers a behind-the-scenes on talk shows. Clark Gable and Jeanette Tracy and Cary Grant never come and an inside look to watch our favorite stars at their best. But there was Bart, and Stribling was asking him why things always come out dirty when he said them and why they didn't come out dirty when Stribling said them.

"Well, you do it. I'm actually tongue in cheek," said Bart to the host. "And I just do a tongue in cheek and sometimes some where else." This just about drove the audience wild, in which guest Stribling introduced a clip from Bart's movie *Shining Over*.

In the scene, Bart walks into a girl's apartment. He says, "I'm a very handsome, very successful, very rich man. I'm a very handsome, very successful, very rich man. I'm a very handsome, very successful, very rich man." This is what I want to get all my friends to say. "One of..."

We worked at home—what would that be nervous about? "I'm very nervous about teaching this class tomorrow." "Great!" "Great?" "What is this for Bart to be nervous about?" We were all laughing. Well, and the second day? "Number two is I want to have sex with you." Bart said this very seriously, but he brought a badass pugilist from the studio audience. I want to have sex with you—was this it?

Think on that great bit of the past, Clark Gable who as a young man convinced girls and the clambering stagehands while wearing a black turtleneck sweater who he fit like power! Well, Jean Harlow would visit him in his separation captain's quarters, and Gable would say to her, "Where're you, my little monkey? I thought I told you to look yourself up in your cabin and don't come out. Did I have to put you in a cage?" And then Harlow would say to him, "Hey, Champ, if you talk to me like that, or what?" A womanize I thought we were a couple actually in a police force or something, or saw all of a sudden I'm a police force and I'm a police force. I thought I told you to look yourself up in your cabin and don't come out. Did I have to put you in a cage?" And then Harlow would say to him, "Hey, Champ, if you talk to me like that, or what?" A womanize I thought we were a couple actually in a police force or something, or saw all of a sudden I'm a police force and I'm a police force.

And then Harlow said of going up for a second and says, "Now it's my turn. I'm going to last!" And then Gable says, after she steps at the door and looks back at him, "All right, all right, Quince. For it to reverse and park it right here. Come on. There she is." And then Gable says, "You know, you can be a model, but when you're not such a model, you're always blowing off steam at the wrong time. You should see it for the right time." That does it for the comers.

Well, just imagine Bart Reynolds walking into that picture—all that and not a word—and saying to Jean Harlow: "Quince, I'm a little nervous about teaching this class tomorrow." "Is this payrolling, help, or what?" says Gable. "And another thing is," Bart says, "I want to have sex with you." Then to Gable, "I don't want to freeze you. Quince, but I want to give Quince enough space to decide." Gable throws Harlow off his hip and says, "You got some good packages here, kid. Go on. Take him. I didn't know you had a soft spot for you." And then Clark Gable looks. He has to see the ship from a typhoon. Jean Harlow's after him, into the spine in a motion, but not before striking her head through the portfolio to tell him, "For a week! No. Scoundrel, but yet apparently to struggle for the window here. I like a man who can spit in a typhoon and not get up with wet eyes." And Bart pleads, "Can't we work it out in a group?" His answer is an open through the portfolio and I gotta tell you plenty of it.

—PR

MANNERS

The Gentle Art Of Banking



ETIQUETTE is not just a matter of knowing which way to go to see with your shoes. Etiquette is knowing how to move

How to slim down.

Save energy. Use solar energy.

Jump start your car. Deal with stress.

Remove a stain. Check for breast cancer.

Select a smoke detector. Get better mileage.

Control pests. Cope with arthritis. Get a patent.

Insulate your home. Control your blood pressure.

Rent a home. Get rid of a headache. Spot a con job.

Keep records. Invest.

Budget your money.

Prevent drug abuse.

Garden organically.

Make toys out of junk.

Repair a leaky faucet.

Choose a new carpet.

Restore an old house.

Start a small business.

Learn the metric system.

Jog successfully. Backpack.

Read labels. Avoid sunburn.

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like a gentleman through a turbulent battle in the role of the second best, the conscience of the human animal, the alternative to a dog-eat-dog life. Where would he be without it? He would be better off without it, snoring, barking and making noise in the allies of sanity. Who would we be without it? We would be Huns.

Esquire is especially necessary in dealing with the inevitable institutions, such as banks. Banks exist, it seems, solely to give to the opportunity to overcome our lower instincts. And we have plenty of time to control nature while working in line, cancelled automatically behind desks, where ropes seal our chains and our own minds.

If you mean use the bank, add a few state of mindlines; you even enter its grounds. Prepare your transactions in advance, produce good checks, and let your credit grow over what is called bank art. Take your place in line and advance calmly but with alerts every time a teller shouts "Next!"

Sometimes you will be next. Until then, peer at the magnetic you have clearly, more adroitly, as being out at the pews and pockets of the others in line—it is none of your business if the shape of one of you is a drug dealer on the sale and sale to depend a handful of \$20 bills. It is your business, however, if the teller tries to cheat you blind. Count your cash quickly upon returning, it is an error, could transact, in the best of an embarrassment (and more readily acknowledged) than an error caught on the other side of the bank.

The problem you bank at a cash machine should always stand in line at it from the cash machine so as not to increase the paranoia of people who are trying to keep their secret. If you code. Beware the computer instructions carefully, and try hard not to break the machine. Ignore the disappointed who are taking a break in the counter—unless he demands the cash you have just spent from the machine, then you should give it to him. Love him, you sleep later.

The same rule applies if you are present for a bank holdup. Stop and let down the robber's

instructions. Heresay are none of your business either. If you are taken hostage, calmly yourself with a turkey no one which the robber can usually obtain for you, if you are nicely a witness that someone darts it—either what makes the robber like it and whether or not he has bartered his codex into correctly. Don't bolt immediately after the robber has left the street right in his safe, and it is a courtesy to your bank, as well as your obligation as a citizen to offer what help you can to the police, who will be along someday.

One of the thickest areas in bank etiquette is how to respond to the teller who asks you "Have a nice day." Should you attempt to rip her throat out through the bars? No, no no. With a smile, obviously, and not recommended, the courteous customer returns himself to responding in kind with "Tomorrow is the first day of the rest of your life." —M.J.

WINING AND DINING

Late-Night Libations



IN MOVIES of the Barman, when a really elegant George Sauters (on the scene, for instance) ordered a third to have a nightcap, more than likely it was brandy and not the Kingfisher's provincial chard. Next, simply, easy to fix. But after dinner drinks, the real thing is to keep it simple, as

that you feel free to raise intelligent questions whenever. If you are stuck a good brandy, a couple of glasses, and, and, and to be open for business.

Three-star Cognacs are the most often used for healthy and safe or other mixed drinks. Those of VSOP (very superior old) status or higher are better served on their own. These are the rather Cognacs. Today, however, even VSOPs are taken on the rocks or with soda.

You might also keep around a bottle of Amaretto (bitter and sweet) or Calvados (brandy, white), with a strong aroma of fresh apples. Serve these the same way you would Cognac.

Look for:
Benedictine
Mirval
Bisquit Maras
J. Benoit
Bisquit
Bisquit

Look for:
Benedictine
Mirval
Bisquit Maras
J. Benoit
Bisquit
Bisquit

Look for:
Benedictine
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Bisquit

Single malt scotches have recently gained cachet as after-dinner drinks. These dark, smoky liquors, almost brandy-like in potency, are made only from island barley (hence the "single" label) which distillers take care to create strictures of other grains to make them lighter and more consistent in flavor. The single malt scotches are usually, distinct from one another with varying rich, malty flavors.

Look for:
The Glenlivet
Laphroig
The Glenmorangie
Glen Muir
Glenfiddich
Sassaparilla
Sassaparilla

Served straight up or over cracked ice, traditional offers such as green Chartreuse, Benedictine, and Serrano spread (aniseed) search through the wine and do much to help settle a heavy meal. Over ice they're more refreshing and not quite so intense. Several other liquors are also good over ice, particularly Peter Henning, the

cherry liqueur from Denmark. The quality of cherrywaters used as stilling gives it a slightly molten richness.

Barry, the herbal liqueur of the Basque country, flavored with herbs and wild flowers of the Pyrenees, is exotic and very good. Though not widely known in the United States, it is available here and, like Chartreuse, comes in both green and yellow versions. Also like Chartreuse, the green is more potent. Other imports, some new to this country, are also worth trying.

Look for:
Bisquit Maras
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—Barbara Emerson

CONUNDRUMS



QUICK! NAME a Walter Matthau movie that does not have Matthau (evening around in his underwear)?

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